GRAY STATE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. AFGHANISTAN VALLEY - SUNRISE

A lone Taliban insurgent, turban and slung AK, silhouetted against morning sky.

He leads a column of fighters discreetly down the mountain pass into the valley.

TITLE: TORA BORA, AFGHANISTAN - EIGHT WEEKS AFTER 9/11

1000 yards away, in a dug-in observation post, Special Forces staff sergeant DANIEL WALKER watches them through a spotting scope.

Team leader EDDIE KNIGHT rolls over.

KNIGHT
Is it him?

Watching intensely through the scope, Daniel spots the flash of a face.

DANIEL
Confirmed.

Air Force JTAC operator STACK looks up from his maps.

STACK
AC130 on station, just give the word.

Knight passes Daniel the radio while he settles behind an infrared target illuminator.

DANIEL
Missionary 6, Karma 3, we have P.I.D. on Geronimo, plus 15 foot mobiles. They'll be in Pakistan by breakfast - requesting clearance for birdcall, over.

EXT. MOUNTAIN CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Delta commander MIKE BOWEN strides intently through the mountain base camp - American Special Forces and Afghani army working together.

He takes the radio.

BOWEN
(into mic)
Karma 3, go to team internal.

Behind him, Short, pushy female CIA BITCH stands between Bowen's Team Sergeant and allied Afghan militia.

Heated words as special forces soldiers try to head out on foot.

MASTERSON
Bull shit, they surrendered! Get them out of our way!

CIA BITCH
We have to honor treaties struck by tribal leaders, get out of that truck! Major Bowen, pull your teams in! This mission is over.

The Afghan rebels point their AKs threateningly at the Americans.

Bowen turns away and keys his throat mic as CIA Bitch goes back to hand flapping for peace.

BOWEN
Karma 3, Missionary 6. We're getting fucked from above. Do you have eyes on?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

The last insurgent lingers outside the cave.

DANIEL
Yes.

BOWEN
Burn him.

Hands and voices still, but hearts racing - eyes locked on the distant cave entrance.

Daniel keys a target illuminator.

DANIEL
Like a Rembrandt.

STACK
(over radio)
Mailman 21, target is painted. Send it.

MAILMAN 21
Roger, firing 40 mike-mike.

The THUMPS of explosions reach the camp.

CIA Bitch turns around, listens, then glares at Bowen, who stares calmly back in a hard poker face.

She whirls back to her chopper.

CIA BITCH
Spin ‘em up, let’s go!

EXT. VALLEY - SUNRISE

Daniel’s team has packed and is already moving down the mountainside.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Dust is still settling as the team moves into the clearing near the cave.

There are a lot of bodies - but no sign of “Geronimo.”

Daniel spots movement, pulls Stack into the ground, just as -

Ambush! Gunfire!

Incoming RPG! BOOM!

The smoke clears. Knight groans - one of his legs has been blown off.

Daniel - dazed, coughing, gets to his feet.

The Taliban come at them through the trees.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

CIA Bitch yells over the rotor roar, her finger wagging in Bowen’s face.

They come in over the cave.

Below them, Stack carries Daniel back to the clearing.

CIA Bitch and her security guys hop off the bird.

She starts her yelling as the chopper goes back into a hover.

Stack slides in, rendering aid as CIA Bitch hustles over.

STACK
Did we get him, Dan?

CIA Bitch pushes Stack to the side.

CIA BITCH
Get away from him. You're all getting court-martialed.

Bowen watches down from the chopper, the CIA bitch standing over one of his men.

She looks up and hand signals the pilot - "Pick up this one, and that's it."

TITLE CREDITS - NEWS CLIP MONTAGE

_) News - 2001: "After a chase through the Tora Bora mountains by US Special Forces, it appears that Osama Bin Laden, the 9-11 mastermind, has escaped into Pakistan."

_) News - "without an obvious goal, the US military presence in the Middle East has escalated into... "

_) Iraq war, dead children, depleted uranium defects.

_) Newspaper clipping/record: Henry Kissinger quote. "Depopulation should be the highest priority of U.S. Foreign policy towards the Third World."

_) Sweaty preacher to his congregation:

PREACHER
War! Famine! Collapse! Pray, Christians, judgment is at hand, and there is nothing you can do to stop it!

_) World leaders laughing with crowds of cheering sycophants, waving political campaign signs of URIASZ WASIK - an old, tough politician.

_) Indie media confronting Kissinger with cameras before being pushed out by security.

_) GNN NEWS: Osama bin Laden finally been killed in 2011!

_) Late-night comedian (Leno): "and then before anyone could see it, they dumped the body into the ocean??"

_) worldwide rioting.

) News clips - 2011, helicopter full of Navy SEALs responsible for death of Osama bin Laden shot down, all KIA.

_) News - “the US Special Forces community has begun to voice its distrust in its leaders.”

_) News: “Today the President announced expansion of powers granted the National Security Division, an agency critics are calling a “privatized army.”

_) News: “The United States, Russia, and China attempt peace negotiations after North Korea begins a barrage of artillery against Seoul!”

_) News: A general: “the only way we *can* cull North Korea is the nuclear option.”

_) NEWS: mandatory RFID clinics and gun registration laws passed!

_) technological implication that the news is being fed into everyone's smart phone and TV.

_) Wasik, a tall, thin, sinister man in a suit - in a 1970s TV show interview:

WASIK
In the next century, nations as we know it will be obsolete; all states will recognize a single, global authority. We will have a new world order, either by consent or conquest.

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS - MORNING

A black “National Security Division” helicopter thumps over a city neighborhood, machine gunner looking out.

INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

DANIEL WALKER wakes up. Looks to the window. The thumping noise recedes.

He reaches over - she’s gone.

His cell buzzes on the night stand. He smiles when he sees who it is.

DANIEL
Hey. No, just getting up.
(laughs)
Yeah.

He sits up. The sheets fall from his body. He is in his thirties, fit and strong. An ugly scar runs up the right side of his back, up his neck.

He stretches his right shoulder actively.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
It feels great, a lot better.

He laughs again at something she says. His room is full of unopened boxes, bare walls.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
I don't have to be there till 9.
(chuckles... waits)
So can I see you later?

She accepts. Victory!

SERIES OF SHOTS:

_) Thumpthumpthumpthumpthump - Daniel sprints the last mile on the treadmill.

_) Daniel showers. A smart meter reading his water usage blinks a green light and the water shuts off.

BATHROOM - LATER

Sparse, clean. Daniel buttons a Minneapolis Police Department dress uniform, the collar covering the scar on his neck.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Fat security slob drinks coffee, moves camera controls, watching Dan leave the building and enter the parking lot.

EXT. CITY PARKING LOT - DAY

Gunshots and distant sirens - just another war zone. Daniel walks to his car.

A big black Wasik symbol has been spray-painted over his "9-11 TRUTH" bumper sticker.

He looks at it for a second, sees that the security fence was cut and most of the cars have been vandalized.

He tries to thumb the paint off. Nope.

EXT. CITY ROAD - DAY

Daniel drives past a drab shopping district - NO DOLLARS ACCEPTED! Signs. Lots of vacancies.

One car over, a little girl looks at him through a clean Prius' backseat window.

Sees the symbol on his car.

She smiles - points at the Wasik campaign sticker on her own car.

INT. POLICE HQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Senior police officers sitting at a table.

All are staring at Daniel. THE CHIEF shuffles reports.

CAPTAIN
Officer Daniel Walker. From your testimony: "Sergeant Dunlop taunted the subject until he failed to respond to verbal commands. He provoked the behavior he needed to justify a shooting."

Police photo on the table. Suspect face down, dead, hands tied, half a head.

THE CHIEF
Jesus.

Eyes a news clipping: POLICE EXECUTE TRAFFIC OFFENDER IN MINNEAPOLIS.

He sighs, studies Daniel.

THE CHIEF (CONT'D)
Walker, don't you think a police officer has a right to self defense?

DUNLOP
(mouth full of gauze)
He had a knife.

THE CHIEF
Shut up.

The chief stares.

DANIEL
Yes sir, I just think that professional police officers are equipped to deal with escalating threats with deference to the overall preservation of human life.

CAPTAIN
Did you decide this before or after you bounced your partner's face off the guardrail?

INT. POLICE HQ - LOBBY - DAY

Daniel walks out, loosening his collar.

An old man is telling the younger cops a joke. He gets a big laugh. This is retired police chief ERIK WALKER - Daniel's father.

Erik turns to him. Reads his expression.

ERIK
That bad, huh? Come on, hero. Buy you breakfast.

INT./EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

A diner. Not crowded. Daniel and Erik sit by the window.

ERIK
Danny, I can help get you the job but I can't help you keep it.

DANIEL
I can't help it.

ERIK
Well, your testimony will get him some PTO, and eventually move to some federal bureaucracy with fewer duties and higher salary. You know in the 40 years a gun rode my hip I never thought to use it?

DANIEL
You never had to. I'll get the tip.

Daniel crumples his wrapper and gets up. Drops a wrinkled bill.

ERIK
Dan. You should stay a while. Mallory's coming. She wanted to see you.

Dan puts on a TAN BEANIE from his army days.

DANIEL
I got shift. See you, pops.

Opens the door to flurries. A snowstorm is coming in.

Daniel moves through the whiteness to his car.

An errantly braking car slides to a stop in front of him. Driving is his 16-year old sister, MALLORY.

She rolls down her window and pulls up, beaming.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
They gave you a *license*?

MALLORY
Well, you know, aim small miss small.

DANIEL
That's not how you should -

MALLORY
So you'll take me to range? Indoor... 300 meter... law enforcement only... *That* range.

DANIEL
Shouldn't you be in school?

MALLORY
I wanted to see you.

DANIEL
Come here.

They bump foreheads. He suddenly smears his old army beanie on her face and walks away, leaving her holding it.

MALLORY
Danny, gross!

DANIEL
Shouldn't be out here without a hat, Mal, you might get sick.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

_) The snowstorm is getting thicker with no sign of stopping.

_) Daniel dealing with people on his shift. The issues are economic - dollar collapse, gas and food shortages, abuse.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Daniel takes off his uniform, putting the coat in his locker. OFFICER pokes his head into the room, spots him.

OFFICER
Walker! Back on the clock, shift brief in 5!

Dunlop brushes past him unbuttoning his uniform, chuckling.

Daniel pauses, then pulls his uniform back on.

INT. MALL OF AMERICA - LATER

Mallory is out with group of friends at the mall.

Buying ice cream with RFID digital currency.

Everybody's on their phones, texting and chatting happily.

She and a boy from her class - PRESTON - totally pretend they didn't just get busted checking each other out.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Daniel drives a squad car. His new night shift partner, RAND, jaw flaps from the commander seat.

RAND
Where you coming from? 4th? 4th is bad too, but they wouldn't start a rookie out on 5th.

Daniel wipes his eyes, exhausted.

DANIEL
Is that where all the bad shit happens?

RAND
Yeah, you get cooking, drug running, prostitution sometimes. 5th district is a mess. I got a theory; pay attention. Last year. These insider city planners got together and had blight declared on posh north Minneapolis neighborhoods with declining property values. Blight! And then like magic they use massive city funds to buy it up cheap and turn it all into fuckin' chainstores and paint-by-number apartments. And then, like the holy exodus from Egypt, evicted welfare leeches by the thousand funnel into low-income housing projects built in white suburbs!
(laughs)
It's like they're trying to start a race war. I mean you must have seen it by now, it's all happening in 4th too.

A helicopter buzzes overhead.

BANG - glass shards rain down from the building's windows.

RAND (CONT'D)
Oh my god.

Daniel flips the lights and accelerates.

EXT. GROUND ZERO - NIGHT

They pull up where a group of victims flee the building, covered in dust.

RAND
Call it in.

Rand goes to help.

RAND (CONT'D)
You've been in an accident. If you can walk, I need you to clear the area. Keep moving.

VICTIM
Officer, there are men in there with bombs!

Daniel works the radio. People on the ground run in panic.

DANIEL
Dispatch, unit 7, d-

He’s not transmitting. He turns up the volume.

RADIO
...and conduct immediate cordon operations in your area. Repeat, Lockdown Sequence 3 is in effect...

Loud sirens coming - black government NATIONAL SECURITY DIVISION vehicles sporing the EWE logo.

Rand goes to flag them down. They zoom by without stopping.

An odd creaking noise. The building starts to fall.

It crashes, scattered tons of concrete debris. Rand is crushed.

RADIO (CONT’D)
Repeat, Lockdown Sequence 3 is in effect.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

_) radio chatter: domestic terrorist bombers in the area.

_) police blocking roads. Panic is beginning.

INT. WALKER HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clattering landline on the nightstand. Erik wakes groggily, paws the phone off the hook.

ERIK
Chief Walker. Ummm, Walker residence. What?

INT. CORNER DRUG STORE - SAME TIME

Daniel calls from a phone behind the counter of a corner drug store, the curious clerk watching him..

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

DANIEL
Dad, get up right now and check your records. When would Lockdown Sequence 3 be activated?

ERIK
Jesus.

Erik gets up, yawns, toddles across the hall into his office.

HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Computer blinks on.

A desktop background of the Walker family in the 80's. Erik is Sheriff for the Lakota Reservation, standing with young Daniel, and two Lakota kids - John and Winona.

ERIK
Ok, what?

DANIEL
Lockdown Sequence 3, why would it -

ERIK
Oh, THOSE records.

He scoots his chair across the office to a low file cabinet - and pulls a folder full of photocopied documents.

A space heater whirs on top of the counter next to Daniel. The employee smiles at him.

The door dings as people continue to flood in.

Erik reads a document - OPERATION ABLE PATRIOT. Reads phrases: “NUCLEAR WAR, MARTIAL LAW.”

His eyes widen. Now he’s awake. He gets out of his chair.

ERIK (CONT’D)
It’s martial law. Part of the National Response Framework plan to preserve government during nuclear war. We must have got hit with a bomb. New York, DC. Maybe both. There’ll be National Guard tanks in Peavey Plaza within the hour. How long has it been since the order?

DANIEL
Three minutes ten seconds.

ERIK
The city can be quarantined in 11 minutes. Practice record is just under 9. After that ain't no one but the Lord Jesus Christ who can open those roadways.

Erik looks at the glowing desktop picture from his office.

ERIK (CONT'D)
The cabin on the res, Danny. One hour. Get over the 77 bridge and move your ass, boy. Where's Winona?

The electricity clicks off - total blackness. Everybody freezes - the only sound is the cashier's little heater powering down, down, down, down.

INT. MALL OF AMERICA - CONTINUOUS

Darkness and noise. Cell phones come out as flash lights.

Mallory and Preston are separated from their friends in the crowd.

Mallory and Preston try to escape the mall. Someone slams into Mallory. Preston shoves the guy away.

INT. UNIVERSITY LAB - LATER

The doorknob rattles. Then it door crashes inward.

DANIEL
Winona!

He runs through the lab. It's dark in here.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Winnie?

He sweeps the flashlight.

BAM! A heavy backpack nails him in the face!

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Ow!

The attacker emerges from the darkness - poised for another strike - it's soft-eyed Lakota bio-med student WINONA WINDFOOT.

She crouches - inspects the damage.

WINONA
I can't understand you when you shout.

DANIEL
What do you have in there?

A loud crash outside the window. Winona looks.

WINONA
Stuff we might need.

DANIEL
Sorry I'm late.

WINONA
Thechihila, Nagî.

Choppers buzz the window outside. Sirens.

DANIEL
And sorry for that too. If there's any shooting, find cover and wait for me.

A sudden CRASH at the door. Daniel draws a pistol and flashlight.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Police department, step out! Now!

A group of students move in, hands up.

STUDENT 1
I told you this was a bad idea.

Daniel holsters his pistol, looks at Winona.

DANIEL
Come on.

STUDENT 2
Hey, you didn't take all the percocet, did you?

EXT. MALL OF AMERICA - PARKING LOT - LATER

They get outside to see the parking lot and roads beyond completely jammed with traffic. The city is dark except for headlights and the flashing of emergency lights.

The electric WHOP of a cattle prod. Mallory collapses into rough hands.

Preston reacts with a cocked fist, but is shoved to the ground.

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Lights and sounds - Daniel speeds around metro traffic, getting out. Army trucks rumble in the opposite direction. Emergency vehicle lights paint the city walls red, blue, and orange.

DANIEL
Three miles in 2 minutes. 1 to get there, 1 to get out. 1 to get there, one to get out.

Dispatch crackles with new calls, new disasters. He turns the radio off.

WINONA
What's happening, Danny?

DANIEL
It's a false flag. They do it to incite panic, so they have an excuse for martial law.
At first everyone's gonna be out getting food before the stores go dry. Riots, arson, military arrests, food and medical shortages. Federal relief camps, forced labor, forced relocation. Foreign interdiction.

WINONA
How do you know this?

DANIEL
Because that's how we impose martial law in other countries.

He looks over - there's a glow in the horizon sky.

WINONA
What time is it?

DANIEL
That's not sunrise.

They round the final corner before the bridge - and a roadblock is already being set up on the far end.

A single squad car blocks the end, and TWO COPS direct traffic to the sides, clearing a path. Daniel drops gears, slowing down.

The glow fades from the sky.

WINONA
Don’t run.

EXT. ROADBLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Both cops at the roadblock have hands on their guns.

Drivers yell out windows as Daniel’s squad car pulls up to COP 1.

COP 1
Walker? Is that you?

Cop 2 moves around the vehicle, tense. Arrest posture.

DANIEL
Yeah, listen, can you back your squads up? I need to get through.

COP 1
Only federals getting through tonight. Didn’t you hear what’s happened?

DANIEL
That’s why.

A shrill pitch from the road behind them - a column of black vehicles approaching.

COP 2
It’s them.

INT. BLACK TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

PEPPER, The black-suited surfer-dude driver.

The vehicle is loaded with well-dressed VIPs - government employees, cultural elite.

Bowen watches the sky. He’s an old warrior turned private security, with a graying beard and black combat vest.

EYES
(over radio)
Mobile, this is Eyes. That's a confirmed strike on windy city.

BOWEN
This is Mobile, I copy. Switching to public secure.
(twists radio knob, yells to senior VIP)
Chicago's gone, sir!

VIP
What?

BOWEN
Region hub went dark. I need your permission to change course to Denver.

VIP nods assent. Outside, to the filling streets outside, flashlights bobbing, cell phone screens floating.

BOWEN (CONT'D)
Break break break, this is Mobile 6, all units immediately shift to Alternate B, replot flight to destination Denver, how copy, over?

Several radio confirmations.

AIR
Mobile, this is air. We are standing by to receive precious cargo at Private Gate 1 alpha. Be advised, the airport is getting a little hot.

BOWEN
Copy all, air, weapons tight but stay frosty. 10 mikes.
(to Pepper)
Only open route out of town. Nothing in our way. Push it, let's move.

They accelerate around traffic and approach the roadblock.

EXT. ROADBLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Both cops have guns pointed now.

COP 1
You know your cruiser is reported stolen?

Long pause.

COP 2
Get out of the car! Get out of the car now!

Daniel is pulled out. Cop 1 covers while Cop 2 goes in to cuff him, putting him on the ground.

Stranded people are yelling, stressing out the cops.

A sudden sound cannon blast interrupts as Bowen hops down from the MRAP and approaches from the other side of Dan's car.

BOWEN
Hey, listen, you need to move your shit-

Daniel hears the crunching boots coming. Sees COP 2 looking inside the car. Dan suddenly grabs the cuffs and hip-tosses COP 2. Bowen and Cop 1 both put their guns on Daniel.

Bowen doesn't know who the bad guy is, moves between targets.

COP 1
He's the bomber!

Bowen locks eyes on him. There's recognition.

Suddenly Winona opens the car door. Pepper fires a reflex burst, shattering the rear window and hitting Daniel in the leg.

Daniel goes down, draws his pistol, and shoots Bowen in the vest.

Pepper opens the door to fire, but Dan empties his magazine, sending them back both into the armored MRAP doors.

Daniel sees the rear window of his car has been shattered.

DANIEL
Winona?

Daniel's eyes narrow with fury, and he stares down the dark, tinted MRAP windshield.

INT. BLACK ARMORED VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Bowen watches Daniel reload quickly and expertly, then fire into their bulletproof windshield in tight, professional shot groups.

A controlled pair each for driver and commander.

PEPPER
Woah, shit.

EXT. ROADBLOCK - CONTINUOUS

With one pistol trained on the windshield, Daniel deftly jumps up the MRAP's hood.

He tugs a connecting wire out of the CROWS sensor head. Inside, the controls for the machine gun go dark.

Keeping the pistol trained, Daniel jumps back down. Flashing lights and sirens - the cordon is closing in.

INT. BLACK ARMORED VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Bowen watches through spider-pattern bullet impacts as Daniel gets in the car and drives away.

Pepper can't activate the CROWS machine gun.

The cordon closes in, lights and sirens, sealing off the bridge.

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Flying down the highway, south, away from the city. Daniel eyes the mirrors, looking for signs of pursuit.

Winona bleeds in the back seat, eyes blinking slowly. As he watches the rearview, she looks into his eyes. Her mouth form words.

But his ears are ringing. He can't hear her. The ringing continues.

Behind them, the city glows orange - flames through the snow. Smoke obscures everything, flashing lights adding to the chaos.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Set to the ringing ear tone.

_) news feedback: domestic terror attack, dollar declared worthless, martial law response, hunt for the suspect: Daniel Walker.

EXT. FOREST HILLSIDE - MORNING

Still gray haze and a light snow. Pine trees in the bluffs; a beautiful landscape.

Daniel stands shivering by a pile of loose dirt and snow.

He looks down for a moment.

Turns and trudges away back down the hillside.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Remote gas station parking lot. Daniel pulls an M4 rifle from the trunk of the squad car. Breaks it down and stuffs it into Winona’s blood-stained bag.

Next comes a first aid kit. He looks at it, thinking.

He sits down in the driver’s seat and opens the first aid kit Finds a sterilized razor blade.

Presses the blade onto the back of his hand, revealing a small bump under the skin.

He finally grits his teeth and does it. The tip of the blade slices the skin, probes, finally bringing out a tiny electronic device.

He wipes the blood off, looking at it.

He leaves it on the dashboard.

Drives up a mountain road in a different car.

EXT. STREET CONVOY - DAY

US Army National Guard moves down the street. Evidence of homes unprepared for power outage.

Troops toss food to people clustered on the sidewalk.

INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY - DAY

A church sanctuary-turned-regional HQ. A hundred police, military, and NSD listen.

Severson operates a digital projected map of the US. Huge swaths of the country are colored red, the rest blue.

SEVERSON
(into pulpit mic)
Good morning, gentlemen. I guess I'll just cut right to the chase. Once again, we are at war. The incident in Korea escalated late last evening. Here in the next few hours the United States going to be seeing Russian and Chinese downrange instead of Haji. Our active duty guys are already moving to targets over there, but for you and I on the homefront, it's gonna be a little different.

INSERT SHOT: National guard staff sergeant JOSH BAKER joins Rearden and other soldiers in civilian clothes at the armory.

SEVERSON (CONT'D)
House Speaker Wasik invoked the war powers act last night and declared national martial law, and now all use of the military on US soil will be determined by our friends in NSD. This is the most egregious use of force we're capable of, and we'll be doing it to our own friends and family. Now I'm gonna let National Security Division Director Rob Masterson talk to you.

INSERT SHOT: Josh commands a humvee in a convoy. They roll out of the motor pool, pointed toward the city. Machine guns in snowy streets.

INSERT SHOT: Police and National Guard activating - driving around with lights on, boots running, dragging C-wire coils across streets.

MASTERON
Thanks Colonel. Now, my sympathy to all you men who still got family in Minneapolis, but let me tell you something - that fire didn't come from China.
(MORE)

MASTERON (CONT'D)
All over the country you got these networks of guys, who buried their guns before they got banned. Buried them for one purpose. They're networked, trained, and once they figure out how stretched we are, they WILL try their luck, and in a few months, twin cities suburbs may look more like Baghdad. So you'll be helping us move against targets we establish. We'll block their travel, track their communication, freeze their assets, tighten the noose around their supporters until they can't blow a fart without our K9s alerting. It doesn't matter anymore whether innocent people have anything to hide because we are to ensure that there is no place TO hide.

INT. GNN NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Bold, confident GNN anchor CHARLOTTE BANNISTER walks through the TV news floor, a beehive of activity reacting to a loss of internet connectivity.

CHARLOTTE
They want us to run *what story?* When *this* just happened?

She flaps a printed article.

STAGE MANAGER
Just until we get the alert system confirmation.

CHARLOTTE
When they shut down the internet, it's because they don't want you to see what's happening.

They walk past the Emergency Alert System machine, which connects to every phone and TV on the grid.

Snow storm in the bluffs. Almost utter silence.

Daniel watches from the crack of a tree well shelter, looking out with the detached optic from his M4.

Far below him, he watches slow-moving lines of refugees moving down the highway. Hundreds of stalled cars form clusters, people trying to stay warm.

He shakes - it's freezing out here.

He squats back down into his cleverly-devised shelter, fighting the pain in his leg.

He settles into a rest position, trying to stay warm. He opens Winona's bag, digs out a prescription bottle.

He rattles out the last bit of medication into his gloved hand. Swallows it with some water from a plastic bottle, grimacing from leg pain.

INT. NSD OPERATIONS BAY - DAY

NSD Commander MASTERSON moves with a clipboard through the ops bay.

In the corner - a complex Crossfit gym. Bowen and Pepper do a vigorous set of inverted pushups as the others guys count time.

Bowen beats Pepper. The guys cheer.

Bowen's ribs flash a purple bruise. He points at it, displays it to the group - alpha male dominance.

BOWEN
See Pepper, that's why you shoot .40cal.

Arm and back tattoos ripple as he pulls on a shirt.

MASTERSON
Physical therapy, Mike?

BOWEN
Can't get better by going slower.

They walk.

Armor is welded inside black S.U.Vs, weapons are unpacked from cases. Lots of tech gear, lots of firepower.

Bowen cracks one open, revealing a CHEYTAC SNIPER RIFLE - five feet of pure gun.

BOWEN (CONT'D)
God damn.

He runs his hands up and down it.

BOWEN (CONT'D)
You know what the longest recorded kill is on this system?

PEPPER
2,500 yards.

Masterson scratches his head.

MASTERSON
I can kill anyone I want from my office chair. Look, the Governor just wants to know if he can trust you to catch this guy. He don't care how you do it.

BOWEN
Rob, you're an ignorant bastard. And you're balding and you're a poor negotiator. If you had any sense you'd budget us for a few of these bean-spitters too.

Pepper grins.

MASTERSON
Look, Mike, I know you don't waste time and I'm not gonna be the guy to get you to start. This is a personal thing for the Governor. He wants a gray-area personal security detail who can handle a little black bag nightlife. NSD don't need any more mean looks every time some douche bag who deserved it come up dead!

BOWEN
Do you know anything about what it's like to be a fugitive from every law enforcement agency in the United States? He does. You think he's heading for Canada? Nope, he'll never be further from you than the max effective range of whatever weapon he's got on him.

Helicopters land on the pad outside.

BOWEN (CONT'D)
Rob? I could use one of those too.

INT. BLACK OFFICE BRIEF ROOM - DAY

Room full of stacked, intimidating “operators” with lots of experience. A flag hangs from the ceiling - white pirate skull and lettering on a black flag - BLACK OFFICE INTERNATIONAL.

BOWEN
Welcome to Black Office. I am owner and ops manager Mike Bowen. If you’re here it means you come highly qualified from the most narrow and in-demand skill set in the country today.

Bowen keys a powerpoint slideshow - shows Uriasz Wasik.

BOWEN (CONT’D)
Gentlemen - our new client, House Speaker and regional Governor *Uriasz Wasik*. This may seem like your career’s golden ticket, and it will be - but it means we’ll be sharing hot routes with army convoys, otherwise historically known to an oppressed population as big fat targets. Remember, these local rubes are gonna be pissed off and will be looking for a suit to shoot, and they can probably outgun a lot of you. Pepper.

They laugh.

BOWEN (CONT’D)
Respect your enemy. Whatever you have to do in the service of our client will be exonerated. But if there has to be shooting, let your enemy be the one to fuck up and shoot first. Alright. Let’s get to work.

INT. BOWEN’S OFFICE - LATER

Accolades from a long career. Secretary JESSICA works at his desk.

JESSICA
Morning, Mike.

BOWEN
Sing to me, sweet thing.

JESSICA
Daniel Walker. Former MPD, blew up the Henjum building downtown, stole a cruiser, made a run through a police cordon, shot you, and made good his escape...

BOWEN
Yeah, OK, OK. Where'd he disappear?

JESSICA
Dropped his RFID outside La Crescent.

BOWEN
He knows what he's doing.

JESSICA
Mike. All the bombing rap - it doesn't hold up. I don't think he did it.

Bowen gets up to go.

BOWEN
It doesn't matter what he did. He's dead no matter what we do.

JESSICA
Why?

BOWEN
Economics.

EXT. DOWNTOWN ROCHESTER - NIGHT

Hand-painted signs: NO CASH, RFID ONLY.

Armed cops stand doggedly outside a posh protected grocery store that's running on generators.

EXT./INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Daniel sits in his car in the across the street - bandaged hand gripping the wheel, watching the controlled entry point. The crowd is getting pushy.

He counts out some cash - crinkled bills and some change.

Winona's go-bag is in the backseat, rifle barrel poking out.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Daniel approaches the barrier, in uniform, hiding his limp. The crowd yells and jeers.

The cops let him in.

INT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

Daniel, in his police uniform, tries to hide his limp as he moves past the cart boy.

DANIEL
Hey man. Do you have a working land-line?

CART BOY
A *what?*

Daniel sees a pay phone in the entrance. Walks past the cart boy.

He puts cash in and dials.

Ring. Ring.

People stare at his back as they walk past him. He finally gets the answering machine.

MACHINE
This is the Stack. What up!

Beep.

DANIEL
Listen, um... it's me. You probably saw the news. Anyway I... I need your help, man. You remember where to be. And no bullshit, because they're gonna know you talked to me, so you might not have a choice. Ok. See you.

He hangs up, turns a little too fast and winces.

He goes to the pharmacy. Every price is 500% higher, but there's nothing left on the shelves.

He leans down with a wince and sees one bottle wedged in the back corner. He scoops it out.

Baby aspirin. He stares at it.

INT. CHECKOUT LINE - NIGHT

Daniel stands in line with his medicine and some small food items, thumbing his change. Classy, ritzy people in line, reading the paper or looking at the TV.

TV
Again, we're advising everyone to shelter in place.

The fat, cheerful cashier works the scanner, making small talk with the person in front of Daniel.

CASHIER
Nope, RFID only tonight. Can't take cash anymore, you wouldn't believe how nasty people can get when you tell them that! But did you hear about Minneapolis? Oh my goodness.

Daniel looks down at his bandaged hand. Tries to back out of line, but a YOUNG WOMAN is already in line behind him. He looks away.

A television screen overhead suddenly picks up an emergency alert! Charlotte Bannister delivers the news.

CHARLOTTE
Police have announced they have identified a suspect in the devastating bombing in Minneapolis. US army veteran Daniel Walker...

Everybody in the store is watching as the news flashes a freeze frame from the roadblock shooting.

Daniel scans for an exit, looks behind - the girl is looking right at him - she knows!

JAE VICKERS, a young blonde with bright, observant eyes, watches him. Sees what he's buying. There's even a bloody bandage on his hand!

He can't move, he doesn't know what to do. The guy in front of him passes his hand through a scanner to complete the purchase.

Now it's his turn with the cashier.

CASHIER
Hi!

She scans the aspirin.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
Will that be all, officer?

Before Daniel can do anything, the woman behind him bumps him with her cart.

JAE
Oh, sorry Dan. Can you scootch over a smidge?

He steps aside so she can maneuver her cart. She starts putting her things down with his.

JAE (CONT'D)
(to cashier)
He gets off duty, drags me to the store to get his medicine, and forgets we might need groceries while we're here.

Daniel's completely unprepared for this.

DANIEL
Sorry... *babe*.

It's so awkward even the cashier notices. Jae laughs, the cashier joining in. The groceries flow.

CASHIER
(laughing)
Oh, my Jeff's the same way. The Petersons stopped coming over.

JAE
(to Daniel)
Oh honey, will you bag this up for me?

Daniel obeys woodenly. Cashier hands Jae her receipt.

CASHIER
Be safe out there, hon.

Jae passes her hand through.

JAE
You betcha!

Daniel pushes the cart, this strange new woman walking along with him. She beams at the police guard at the exit, who smiles and steps aside, letting them out.

EXT. STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

They leave the flickering lights of the store and head into the parking lot.

JAE
So where are we going?

She completely drops the fake MN accent and demeanor, revealing a bubbling South African accent.

DANIEL
Thanks for your help.

Daniel walks/limps away from her toward his car. Crashing noises - a flash mob swarms over the barricade and into the parking lot, consuming the police officers and Daniel's car.

JAE
Walk with me.

Daniel turns and follows her as the flash mob floods the parking lot, breaking windows and getting violent with clueless people caught in the open.

Jae opens the door to her S.U.V. and gets in, Daniel joining her.

DANIEL
Go, quickly. Now. Go!

The mob tries to stop her car, but she maneuvers expertly out of the lot, Daniel holding on.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Oh shit!

Jae swerves to avoid someone, and smacks into a cart in the parking lot.

INT. JAE'S S.U.V. - CONTINUOUS

They escape from downtown Rochester. The streets are dangerous - bottles thrown, burning tires, but Jae is a maniacal driver!

EXT./INT. HOSPITAL - DAWN

A cart holds open. Jae hands Daniel a medical gas mask from her bag, and begins putting one on herself.

JAE
There was a study once. In a crisis, your average person will steal to get what he needs. An accountant or travel agent, whatever. But after a week, that same person is ready to kill for those same needs.

She yanks the cart out. The door opens to reveal something nasty.

JAE (CONT'D)
From a medical standpoint, it's just fascinating how predictable this reaction was, to be released at the slightest trigger. You ever read Malthus?

DANIEL
It hasn't been a week.

JAE
All of this happened 36 hours after the lights went out. Follow me.

He looks around at the mess the building is in.

Clears the air from his mask like a trained soldier.

DANIEL
It's not a gas leak, right?

JAE
No. These are for the smell.

She clicks on a flashlight. They go inside.

INSIDE - CONTINUOUS

The corridors are nasty. Junk everywhere, running sewers. Bloated bodies in hospital beds, or burned black.

She moves them up flights of stairs.

She stops at the fourth floor.

He winces. She shines her light on him.

JAE (CONT'D)
What is it? Are you hurt?

DANIEL
It’s nothing.

JAE
Then let’s go.

LATER

A heavy door with Jae’s name on it. It’s already taken a battering.

She hits a keypad combo and it opens.

INT. JAE’S OFFICE - DAY

Sparse, clean. Bundles of air fresheners. Blanket on the couch.

Jae sets the lock, then drops her bag.

The wide windows and high view of the town offers glimpses of the ongoing riot below.

JAE
Listen, I’ve got some supplies gathered and I -

She pulls off her bulky winter jacket.

He sees that she is beautiful.

She catches him looking.

JAE (CONT’D)
What do you need?

DANIEL
I, um -

She rolls her eyes.

JAE
No, do you need anything? Some hospital food, water bottles? They’re over there. Take as much as you can carry. We can’t stay here.

She opens her bag again, revealing a well-stocked medical kit.

DANIEL
Why are you helping me?

JAE
Helping you?

DANIEL
You didn’t have to help me.

She opens the kit.

JAE
No, no, friend, you got it wrong. You are getting *me* out of *here*.

DANIEL
I’m what now?

JAE
Yeah. I’m here on business, buddy. Where am I gonna drive to? This’ll work better for both of us, see? My ride, your place. We can leave after the streets clear.

She stands over him. Puts on medical gloves.

JAE (CONT’D)
Lie down.

Blank look.

JAE (CONT’D)
I’m tired of watching you pretend you aren’t hurt.

DANIEL
Thank you. I don’t need your help.

JAE
Lookit, tough guy. I got little reason to be travelling with a cripple. A cripple *wanted* by the National Security Division. You should to adopt a clearer understanding of your circumstances. Now lie down.

She gets him to lie down.

He pull up his pants leg. She inspects the wound.

JAE (CONT’D)
Haven't you ever used a bandage before?

DANIEL
You’re not a doctor.

JAE
No. I just own the hospital. Well. All the branches in the northern hemisphere.

She looks at him. Staring at her.

JAE (CONT’D)
Yeah. Dead father.

DANIEL
Bad day to be in town.

JAE
You’re telling me.

She inspects his wound.

DANIEL
You don’t think I might be... dangerous?

She laughs.

JAE
Is this because of what the lady on the telly said? God, I forgot how funny it is hearing American men talk about themselves. Look, no one from outside America believes anything on American TV, okay, so I knew that no *way* could *you* be a *terrorist*. The limp and the hand bandage, my God, you were a mess! But I was running out of travel panties and I needed a plan.

Jae practices her Minnesota accent in quips and phrases.

JAE (CONT’D)
I’m Jae, incidentally.

DANIEL
Okay.

JAE
You know, you’re not very good at meeting people.

She cinches the new bandage.

DANIEL
Sorry.

JAE
That's OK.

DANIEL
Look, okay, I do have a place, and I can let you stay for a few days, but I don't think I want any kind of long-term commitment right now.

JAE
You know? I wouldn't worry.

EXT. VETERAN CEMETARY - NIGHT

A truck aims headlights at two men - one fat and one with a beard - who are pulling an old round PVC pipe from the ground in a veteran cemetery.

The pipe comes out of the hole. Big black writing - SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS '94.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. TRAFFIC CONTROL POINT - DAY

The dirty PVC pipe sits in the bed of the truck. The bearded man idles in traffic, Looking ahead to the checkpoint. The fat man sits next to him.

Josh and Rearden direct their squads in random searches at the entry point. Scans. It's slow and cold.

VASQUEZ and JOHNSON man gun turrets in humvees on opposite sides of the street. Vasquez adjusts a travel MP3 player's volume knob.

JOHNSON
Hey Vax, hold up!

He points his cell phone camera. Vasquez clatters the gun turret around.

VASQUEZ
All right, get you some!

Johnson takes the picture.

JOHNSON
Cool.

A passing car flashes its lights and honks its horn - teenage girls wave their hands out at the soldiers, cheering.

Vasquez jerks his chin up to the car - '*sup.*

But behind him, here comes Sergeant Major BUCKLE - a wiry and intense African-American pitbull of a man pulling a small entourage.

He takes one look at the gunners' behavior and loses his mind.

BUCKLE
Sergeant Baker!

Vasquez spirits his Mp3 player away and tries to act professional as Buckle yells at Josh in a deluge of criticism.

Johnson discreetly applies color filters and adds hashtags to his cell phone picture.

BUCKLE (CONT'D)
Any questions, sergeant?

Josh is not fazed by the scolding.

JOSH
Yes, sergeant major.
(indicates traffic)
Who are we looking for?

REARDEN
What are the rules of engagement?

BUCKLE
Like the Colonel said. Hearts and minds, isolate bad guys.

He looks at Vasquez' face and stops. Stares up at him from the ground.

BUCKLE (CONT'D)
Sweet baby Jesus private, whose army are you in? Po-lice that mustache!

The truck creeps through the intersection, waved through by the soldiers. The fat man waves.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Military vehicles zoom past them on the road. Jae drives, Daniel alert and watching.

DANIEL
It’s up here. Left.

They pull into a snowy, hilly road. Dark forest trees, heavy with white globs of snow. Snow catches the headlights like embers.

DANIEL (CONT’D)
Woah, careful.

They skid suddenly, sliding toward the edge of the road!

Jae spins the wheels just right, and they stop at the edge.

Off the road, a buried car’s brake lights glow under the snow.

Two huge wolves stare at them.

JAE
Beautiful. Is someone in there?

Daniel thinks for a moment.

DANIEL
Wait, stop, stop, stop!

A bullet CRACKS off the hood. Jae slams the brakes.

JAE
Kakfokker! Did he hit the engine?

DANIEL
Don’t move.

They sit for a while, engine running.

DANIEL (CONT’D)
Well, we aren’t dead yet.

He opens the door and leans out.

DANIEL (CONT’D)
Hau, kola!

Someone out in the trees yells back.

JAE
Who is it?

Daniel motions for silence. Leans out the window

DANIEL
John?

Silence. A figure comes out of the hills to them.

Daniel gets out of the cab to greet the figure.

John slams the rifle butt into his stomach! Daniel falls to the ground, groaning.

JOHN
Out of the truck! Now!

JAE
What?

JOHN
Do you need me to repeat myself?

John throws Jae out. Daniel moves to attack him, but he whips the rifle around.

John is a fierce bear of a Lakota Indian - his long straight dark hair does little to cover prison tattoos. He looks Daniel over.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Saw you on the news. They didn't know whose blood they found at the scene, but I knew. I knew. Are you back to see what else you can take from us, Nagî*?*

DANIEL
I buried her, John.

He pulls something from his pocket - something she always wore in her hair.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
I buried her in the bluffs.

John looks at it a long time. Takes it.

EXT. CABIN - MORNING

A cold, windy sunrise. Daniel works to get a generator started.

He struggles with it, finally gets it running. Laughs with relief.

He stands to observe the field around him - the soil is still hard and frozen. Other small houses and trailer homes poke out of the landscape.

MATCH CUT TO:

Summer breeze. Soft feet in the grass behind him. A younger Daniel smiles.

BACK TO SCENE:

Footsteps crunch behind him. It’s Jae.

JAE
Food?

DANIEL
Oh. No thanks.

JAE
No, I’m asking. Do you have some?
I’m hungry.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

He made her soup.

Jae sees Dan’s military awards in a shadowbox on the wall.

A snapshot of his special forces unit - signed GERONIMO ‘01.

JAE
Which one’s you?

Daniel looks up.

DANIEL
I tell him and tell him, but he
keeps putting those things back up.

JAE
Who?

DANIEL
My dad. I’m the one on the left.
Team Leader.

JAE
What’s Geronimo?

DANIEL
The code name for bin Laden.

Raised eyebrows.

JAE
Huh. The telly didn't say that part.

DANIEL
Nope.

LATER

Daniel keeps watch out the window, cleaning a hunting rifle. Jae is racked out on the couch, snoring.

Headlights outside. Daniel is already up and moving.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Get up.

Jae comes out of deep sleep.

JAE
Okay.

He runs out the back door of the cabin.

He moves out into the snow to get a firing angle on the vehicle - it comes around the trees.

It's a police car! They found him!

Daniel watches the car stop and a figure come out. Daniel can't shoot him, so fires into the air.

DANIEL
Get on your face, hands out front!

STACK
Walker, you clear that chamber or I'll feed it to you!

DANIEL
Stack?

He catches the light - a gorgeous black funny-man built on a linebacker frame. It's STACK.

Daniel marches over and hugs him.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Good to see you, man.

STACK
Do you have to shoot a gun at everybody?

Jae opens the door, letting light out. Stack looks her over. Back to Daniel. Back to her.

STACK (CONT'D)
Hey, he shoot his gun at you yet?

STACK (CONT'D)
Dan. We had a problem.

DANIEL
We?

Erik steps out of the passenger seat.

Daniel looks - no one else is in the car.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Where's Mallory?

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

They talk. Jae fiddles with a radio, trying to get a signal.

ERIK
She wasn't at home and the phones were out. They had warrants out for both of us, Dan.

JAE
For what?

STACK
Being on the list. Your threat level is determined by the NSD and your ID is flagged with a color and you go on a list. Different colors are a way for the military to establish rules of engagement.

JAE
Rules of engagement? Like on a battlefield?

STACK
Like on a battlefield.

DANIEL
Where'd they take her?

ERIK
They'd be out-processing our district to Stillwater.

JAE
The past ten years we were getting contracts for these new residential facilities built north of the Twin Cities with municipal funds. The biggest one's in Stillwater. It can house 80,000.

ERIK
Then that's where she'd be.

DANIEL
And you know people there?

ERIK
I know everybody.

STACK
We could still use some help.

Daniel puts his head in his hands.

John walks in.

Stack looms over him. He sizes Stack up. Smiles.

JOHN
You'll need me.

OUTSIDE - LATER

Daniel puts some gas cans in Jae's trunk and closes the hatch.

Jae closes her S.U.V. door, buckles up.

DANIEL
It is a nice truck. You should be able to sell it, or trade it. Might buy yourself a plane ride.

JAE
I'll probably just get it flown back with me.

DANIEL
Oh. Right.

JAE
So you just get home, and now you're really going to go back into the city?

DANIEL
Home is what you fight for.

She laughs. What a naïf!

JAE
You're in even more trouble than I thought. Well. Good luck, anyway.

They shake hands.

DANIEL
Ok. Good luck.

She watches him walk back through the cold toward the cabin.

She puts the truck in drive.

Sits, there, staring at the wheel.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT

Wasik's protected convoy zooms through the streets toward the Capitol building complex.

Each intersection held at bay to allow him to pass.

He gets his first sight of the regal Capitol dome - and next door, the Cathedral towers black against the sky. Wasik smiles.

Final shot of dominance over the people - waving the EWE symbol.

INT. NSD COMPOUND - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

Groups of detainees wail and protest, shackled to pipes running along the wall.

Mallory crouches quietly, observing her surroundings with wide eyes. The man next to her shouts at the top of his lungs, yanking at the pipes.

DETAINEE
You can't do this! We are American citizens!

The garage door clatters open with a whoosh of cold wind. A heavy black truck pulls in.

Masterson steps down, all in tactical gear, huffing, elated. Joined by other NSD goon.

MASTERSON
Alright, get the rest of ‘em hooked up somewhere. Gonna be a long night. Hey get me a water.

The goon runs off.

Masterson looks over. Sees Mallory.

DETAINEE
This is a violation of my civil rights!

Masterson leans in, laughs at him, walks away, sucking down the water bottle.

MASTERSON
The Constitution won’t stop a five-five-six, chucklehead!

He marches into the hallway, humming *Ride of the Valkyries.* The garage door clatters down.

INT. DARK ROOM - LATER

Mallory sits in a lone chair, hands cuffed together, a single light over her head.

Masterson holds out DANIEL'S TAN BEANIE to her. She stares at it. Back at them.

MALLORY
I’m not talking without a lawyer.

Masterson laughs. Drops the hat on the table.

MASTERSON
That’s OK, sweetheart. We can wait.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Masterson comes out of the room.

MASTERSON
Eh, she don’t know shit.

BOWEN
I want to talk to her.

MASTERSON
Why? Let the media chew on the homegrown terror angle, get people freaked out enough, then we aren't looking for evidence, we're just waiting for strike approval. Mike, you gotta learn - there are easier ways a doing things.

INT. PRISON BUS - NIGHT

A bus without windows. Mallory sits shackled to a frail, frightened woman as the bus grunts to a stop.

Outside, a loudspeaker echoes and distorts. Cold lights flick on.

A detention officer steps on the bus.

OFFICER
Stand up, single file, follow the *blue line!*

They move off the bus. Outside, it's barbed wire, ice, and snow, and cold concrete. They move toward a cold metal turnstile.

INT. CAMP 37 IN-PROCESSING - LATER

Mallory gets hosed down, head shaved, probed, inspected, and photographed.

Shouting, buzzers, crowds of detainees shuffling down colored lines. Barking dogs, NSD agents.

VOICES
Are you HIV positive? Have you ever tested positive for TB? Do you have any agricultural or industrial skills?

MALLORY
No. No. No.

The list of skills dwindles down to the last one left: *unskilled labor*. Check the box.

INT. “WARD B” - LATER

Mallory is escorted down the corridor in her blue prison clothes. Thin issued sheets folded in her hands, she follows a guard through the common area to her ward.

She watches a little girl with blonde curls entering the registration mill. Before they arrive at the Ward door, the guard clacks down her night stick.

GUARD
Open Blue 3!

Raises her night stick, pushes her in with it.

GUARD (CONT’D)
Close Blue 3!

The door clatters shut behind her. The room is full of rough-looking women.

HOOLIGAN, a massive woman with beady eyes, watches her enter. Mallory sits on her bunk.

Suddenly the lights bang on.

GUARD (CONT’D)
Let’s go, get up!

Mallory puts the sheets down, but clutches Daniel’s hat.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A line of prisoners clear a downtown street of monstrous snow drifts that have buried cars.

Mallory struggles with a heavy shovel while prison guards watch from inside warm duty vehicles.

She digs, but other prisoners are eyeing her hat and muttering aggressively.

She strikes down with her shovel, strikes something, looks down and vomits. The prisoner next to her looks over.

PRISONER
Another dead one here, boss!

INT. CAMP 37 - NIGHT

There's a loud buzzing as a new batch of prisoners are brought in - kids, marked yellow.

New prisoners wail and scream. Mallory covers her ears, eyes red with fear and exhaustion.

EXT. CAMP 37 YARD - DAY

Mallory stands shivering in the windswept camp exercise yard with a hundred other people from her ward.

She observes her location. The fence is tall, barbed wire is turned inward. Snow is drifted against the fence along which there are guard towers every 100 meters.

She watches the guards, following their patterns. Calculating their sectors of fire.

Mallory looks to a place in the trees beyond the fence - maybe a good escape spot. It lies right between two machine gun towers.

LOUD SPEAKER
Let's go, Ward B. Time's up.

INT. CAMP 37 CHOW LINE - DAY

Prison food. One ward leaving, another coming in.

The little girl sits across from Mallory, eyes on her plate. Her head has been shaved, and she's shivering.

Mallory pushes her hat across the table to her. She looks up at Mallory, scared and unsure.

Mallory smiles at her. The girl takes the hat and looks away.

Mallory notices Hooligan watching her from down the table.

INT. WARD B - NIGHT

Mallory tries to stay awake on her cot. It's freezing in here, but she can't let her guard down.

There's a creak - what's that? She is suddenly struck in the stomach and a pillow pushed over her face! She struggles to break free, but more punches to her ribs subdue her.

Hooligan Dyke straddles her, fist forcing the pillow over Mallory's face. Two other prisoners help hold her down.

HOOLIGAN
Now I'm gonna lift the pillow and you're gonna shut up, or tomorrow morning you'll be just another fish suicide. Okay?

She lifts the pillow. Mallory struggles. Hooligan pulls a shank - an angled cut of PVC pipe. Presses it against her face.

HOOLIGAN (CONT'D)
What did I say?

Hooligan licks her lips, looking at her. Breath quickens and her hard face softens - she even smiles.

HOOLIGAN (CONT'D)
Gosh, you *are* pretty.

She strokes Mallory's hair, her breath getting heavier.

Suddenly three heavy blows on Mallory's face, leaving her bloody and choking.

She cries out as one of the prisoners yanks forces her legs open.

Hooligan pulls one leg from her pants and moves her naked crotch toward Mallory's face. Mallory moans, bleeding and crying.

Across the floor - through the guard shack window, the night guard watches - not doing anything.

A tent full of cots, women turn away, and no one does anything.

INT. CASE ROOM - DAY

Chain link fence partitions, colored lines, a moaning zoo of freezing, exhausted, terrified detainees.

A bank of federal case workers deal with them one by one. A dumpy bored woman pulls Mallory's file on an old computer, mouse wheel ratcheting as she scrolls. A guard watches closely.

CASE WORKER
46079. Walker.

The constantly opening and closing front door blows chilly air into the room. Mallory is wearing thin prison clothes with cloth slippers.

The case worker pauses - something in her file shows RED. She looks at Mallory.

CASE WORKER (CONT'D)
Dockets are booked, Miss Walker.

She types loudly.

CASE WORKER (CONT'D)
You will remain in detention until your case can be reviewed in 120 days. Next please.

The woman stares down at Mallory. Mallory stares right back.

A black glove on her shoulder, and she's pulled away as the case worker smacks her gum.

EXT. CAMP 37 YARD - DAY

Mallory stands at her spot on the yard, wind blowing mercilessly.

The blonde girl makes her way over in the snow, stepping carefully in Mal's footsteps, the TAN HAT covering her ears.

She trudges over, smiles up at Mallory.

Mallory looks down at her without expression. The girl's smile fades.

She sees the bruises. She recoils, flees through the snow.

Mallory looks back to the spot in the trees, nestled between the machine gun towers.

INT. WARD - NIGHT

Mallory lies on her bunk, eyes staring at the ceiling. The door buzzes and clatters open.

OFFICER
Prisoner 46079. Get over here.

The sound startles her. The voice belongs to an officer she doesn't recognize. She obeys cautiously.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Put your shoes on.

The officer seems anxious. Hooligan rolls in her bunk and stares at Mallory as she puts on her prison slippers and leaves the ward.

HOOLIGAN
Hey, where she going?

PRISONER
Hey yo bull, I'll suck yo dick you let *me* out. Hey.

Hooligan's protests are drowned by the others, and the wailing begins. Mallory stops by the officer, looks up.

OFFICER
Follow me.

EXT. CAMP 37 YARD - NIGHT

The floodlights out here are bright, glaring off the windswept snow. The officer guides her out into the exercise yard. He stops.

OFFICER
Wait here.

He leaves quickly.

She waits, shivering, staring into the tower lights, which are pointed at her.

Seconds pass dangerously in utter silence. Why hasn't she been spotted?

She decides to escape. But the moment she moves - she looks to her escape spot in the trees beyond the fence - and someone is standing there.

The man pulls down a face covering - it's Daniel. He motions her over.

Unbelieving, she moves through the snow in her slippers to the towering fence. She looks up - both towers are empty!

John emerges from the trees in front of her, then grasps the fence.

He pulls back a cut section like a sardine lid.

Daniel holds Mallory's eyes with his.

DANIEL
Come on, Mal.

MALLORY
Danny?

DANIEL
Yeah. Let's get out of here.

She rushes through the hole into Daniel's arms. She buries her face in his neck, clinging to him, sobbing.

MALLORY
You came for me? You came for me?

DANIEL
Of course I did.

Daniel wraps a blanket around her and picks her up, tucking her freezing feet in. He puts his mask back up and carries her easily back into the trees, down the hill and out of sight.

They reach the edge of a service road. John breaks a red glow stick and waves it.

Jae reverses her S.U.V. to them. John opens the back door for them and climbs into the front.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Hold on, Mal.

He snaps out his knife and quickly digs the RFID out of her hand. Holds it up to the light - then drops it in the snow.

JAE
Let's go.

They get into the back seat and Jae peels out.

INT. JAE'S S.U.V. - NIGHT

Jae turns onto the main road, glances in the rearview. Stack's vehicle pulls in behind them.

Her gaze falls into the backseat. Daniel wrap's Mallory's hand.

MALLORY
I didn't talk, Danny.

DANIEL
I know.

JAE.
Dan. Stack's behind us.

DANIEL
Ok.

The main road is still only a service road for other camps.

All along both sides - Trucks. Lights. Dogs. Fences. Towers. The scale of the operation opens up before them.

And ahead of them, a bridge checkpoint. Flashing lights approaching.

JOHN
Don't run.

Jae stops the vehicle. The other vehicle pulls up parallel.

Daniel puts Mallory in Stack's truck.

DANIEL
Stack, take Mal and get her out a different way. The rest of you go with. I'm going to distract these guys.

JAE
I'm coming with you.

MALLORY
No, Danny!

DANIEL
I'll be right back. Now go, go!

Stack, John, and Mallory drive off.

DUNLOP - now in NSD garb, closes off the bridge barricade with his truck and gets out.

He looks at the approaching S.U.V. and grins - revealing two missing front teeth.

JAE
Let's hear ya sing, girl.

Jae and Daniel speed toward the checkpoint.

JAE (CONT'D)
Ok, so what's the plan?

DANIEL
Plan!?

They brace themselves.

The agents open fire.

The tires blow out and the vehicle wobbles.

Dunlop grins. But the vehicle isn't stopping.

It flips and rolls through the barricade, crushing Dunlop.

The truck slides right off the bridge and into the Mississippi River.

EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT

Daniel cracks his injured shoulder on impact. His head hits and he is knocked out.

The S.U.V. fills with freezing water - it's sinking!

JAE
(gasping from cold)
Daniel. Dan. Wake up wake up wake up!

She slaps his face. He gasps awake!

JAE (CONT'D)
Deep breath, now!

The water swells over their heads.

She slashes her belt with a seatbelt cutter.

He struggle as Jae fumbles over his lap to dig a baggie out of the glove box.

Then she slashes his seatbelt.

They get the doors open and kick out.

Daniel tumbles underwater, struggling with his hurt arm.

Jae kicks for the surface.

He signals her - wait!

She points up. White arcs of bullets zipping underwater.

They wait, trying to stay underwater and drift further downstream.

Finally, losing ability to move his limbs, He comes to the surface, gasping and sputtering.

Jae pulls him to the bank, her own limbs quaking. She pulls him as hard as she can to get him over the lip of ice.

JAE (CONT'D)
God, you're useless!

He finally gets up with her, and they move up the bank into the boughs of a big pine tree.

Jae struggles to open her baggie with her frozen fingers, while Daniel tries to disguise their tracks.

Jae finally opens the baggie with her teeth, and pulls out a thin metal space blanket.

They look at each other for a moment, then both start to undress.

They scoot together and she throws the blanket around them.

They tuck in the sides - a race to get completely covered.

Her hips shift and they are facing each other, naked and shaking.

She puts her hand to his lips - *shhhh.*

INT. BLACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bowen watches infrared video feed from a surveillance drone.

He studies the scene at the bridge - some response teams, flashing lights.

JESSICA
(controlling the feed)
There's the car.

The IR feed picks up a very faint heat signature in the water. No sign of life.

MASTERSON
Might as well wait for the police report.

Bowen looks closer - scratch patterns in the snow - and is that something there under the tree? He scrutinizes the edges of the tent. No, couldn't be.

MASTERSON (CONT'D)
Turn it around, Jess. Fuel is money.

INT. SPACE BLANKET - NIGHT

Jae and Dan shiver in silence, waiting. Daniel's limbs spasm. His eyes begin to close.

JAE
Hey, I keep telling you. Don't do that.

She pulls his chest to hers. He mumbles, drifting out of consciousness. Jae is coming in like a bad radio.

JAE (CONT'D)
Dan, talk to me. Hey. Tell me a story. Tell me what it's like growing up on the res.

Daniel is hallucinating. He's getting hot. He starts to panic.

JAE (CONT'D)
This is just paradoxical undressing, Dan. Don't freak out on me. How old were you when you went to the res?

Dan looks at Jae and sees Winona. Next to her, 12-year old John questions young Daniel, eyes low and suspicious.

YOUNG JOHN
How old are you?

12-year old John stands protectively over 8-year old Winona.

YOUNG DANIEL
T-t-ten.

JAE
Yeah? Who was your first friend?

DANIEL
John and...
(Shakes head)
... and Winona.

JAE
That's good, Dan. What was she like? Keep talking, keep thinking.

INSERT SHOT: Young Winona knocks on the cabin door in a cheerful pattern. Young Daniel opens it, and they smile at each other.

DANIEL
She was beautiful.

Young Daniel and Winona catch frogs.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
But nothing ever stuck.

Young John finds them playing and kicks young Daniel's ass.

INSERT SHOT: Police Chief Erik drops Dan off in a squad car and drives away. Daniel turns back to face his town - his arm in a sling.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
When I came back, it wasn't because people there knew me - it was because nobody cared who I was.

A lone man watches him, sipping whiskey. The paper in his lap reads BIN LADEN ESCAPES INTO PAKISTAN.

INT. CABIN - 2003 - DAY

Bright summer day. But Daniel drinks inside, in the dark.

He looks at a letter: VA ELIGIBILITY DENIED.

Suddenly, Winona's special knock on the door.

DANIEL
She cared.

The door cracks open - it's her. And she's now a beautiful young woman.

INT. SPACE BLANKET - NIGHT

The shivering stops slowly.

DANIEL
And now she's dead and it's my fault.

She sees him lying there - frail and injured. A long scar runs up his back to his arm. One man against the world.

JAE
All the time you spend fighting the world, how could you ever find something you like?

She realizes he's warm - and so is she.

Her curves begin to show. They are an inch apart.

She gasps suddenly.

DANIEL
What?

JAE
(laughing)
Your feet are cold.

INT. ABANDONED ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

The snow melts, brown patches of ground emerging. An abandoned school.

Jae and Daniel walk into the entrance.

Mallory runs out to Daniel. Hugs him.

Erik holds the door open...

...and behind him, a news camera waits.

INT. GYMNASIUM - EVENING

Daniel yells at Erik while Bobby and Steve set up for a video interview.

DANIEL
The plan was we get Mal and go back to the cabin!

STEVE
Look, Dan, if you don't want to do the interview, we can always just follow you until you give us one.

Daniel advances, bristling.

DANIEL
Is that what you think would happen?

Steve sucks his cigarette, and rises to meet him. Steve offers his hand.

Daniel stares. Steve is a leathery old news shooter with swagger.

STEVE
Steve. Just Steve. You're Daniel Walker. I was shooting for CNN, flew into Tora Bora with the official search group six months later. You know what we actually found?

DANIEL
What.

STEVE
(shakes head)
Nothing. But I believed you.

BOBBY
Yeah, and you think that the United States just got done bombing its own cities.

Behind them, Bobby is setting up a camera.

DANIEL
Hey, what are you -

STEVE
No, I said it was a false flag, which is -

Daniel seizes Steve and drops him onto his ass. He strides over to Bobby.

BOBBY
Ok, yeah, coming.

Daniel forcibly puts him down next to Steve.

DANIEL
Gentlemen. I do not care what you believe. I do not care how you found me. I care only that you do not see where I am going. Okay?
(to Erik)
No, wait a second, how *did* they find me?

Erik absorbs his stare.

ERIK
They're a couple of old news contacts with the department that just wanted to meet you. So I told them how.

DANIEL
You told the *press* where to find me? Cool, dad. Real cool.

He paces furiously.

STEVE
Come on, Dan, after what you did, do you think we would blow our exclusive -

DANIEL
If you speak one more time, I will hurt you.

Steve isn't fazed.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Dad. Why does everyone know it was me?

ERIK
Well shit, Dan, you're all over the news again.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

They play a Youtube video on their iPad -

STEVE
(reading video title)
"OMG Minneapolis bomber returns to metro to break his little sister out of prison camp!"

An overhead security camera feed of Dan and John peeling the fence back, rescuing Mallory, and running like heroes.

There is a single frame where Dan catches the light and his iris is identified.

JOHN
Guess you missed a camera, Nagî.

BOBBY
A million views in 12 hours.

STEVE
They started a facebook fan page for you. You're like Robin Hood.

DANIEL
Look, I didn't blow up -

BOBBY
A victim of bad press! So tell us what really happened on X-Day. We just want to interview you, your team, get your story-

STEVE
...maybe tag along for a few days, make a film. Look, they federalized TV, you have no idea how boring it is to watch propaganda all day. We'll make the film, you're the star, call it "The 2nd American Revolution." Do you understand how big you could be?

Steve grips his own hair in excitement. Daniel stews in his own juices.

A simmering pause.

BOBBY
So, elephant in the room... do you have an agent?

Daniel closes his eyes.

DANIEL
I'm not going to do an interview. No. I'm going to safely conduct my family away from a regional manhunt. Now if you'll excuse me -

MALLORY
I'll do it.

She's standing at the classroom entrance, blanket draped over her shoulders.

MALLORY (CONT'D)
I'll do the interview.

STEVE
Great.

They go back to setting up their video gear.

DANIEL
Well look, I don't want you guys wandering around. Just stay where I can, uh, see you.

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Mallory sits on a chair, surrounded by lights and a camera on a tripod. Bobby sets up a boom mic while Steve looks at his viewfinder.

STEVE
Looking good, looking good. See, Bobby - I told you I could get it with the ISO below 1250.

BOBBY
Sound speeds.

STEVE
Yeah, I told you. And... video speeds. Slate us up.

Bobby drops a film slate into frame.

BOBBY
"2nd American Revolution," Walker interview... Take 1.

STEVE
Here you go, Mal.

He gives Mallory a cup of coffee. Daniel, Erik, and John watch from the side.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Now Mallory, I know this must be difficult for you. But this is a serious thing that the American people aren't being told. If there is some kind of political purge going on, we need to know. So can you tell us what happened to you after your arrest?

MALLORY
After they took me?

STEVE
Yes. Where did they take you?

She pauses.

ERIK
Go ahead, Mal.

MALLORY
They had me in outdoor holding pen by the airfield for 33 hours. It was sort of a temporary processing site, set up quickly. More people kept showing up in buses. People arrested and tagged red, or blue like me, or yellow. Those were mostly refugees coming out of Minneapolis. No place to put them. All night we clustered together, and the guards even tried to back their trucks up for us as a wind break, but all night there was that moaning. I think some people died out there.

STEVE
Ok, sweetie. Do you need a minute?

MALLORY
No, I'm OK. I was one of the first to get out - I was a blue. Blues went to the camps. I didn't know where the reds went - nobody knew. We heard some of them talking about forced evacuations. Like, whole towns.

STEVE
How did you get out?

MALLORY
My brother saved me.

Daniel jumps up. Faces Steve.

DANIEL
Ok. Why are you trying to make me out to be a hero?

STEVE
I'm just letting her talk, Dan.

DANIEL
What is all this even for? What do you want people to do?

MALLORY
Fight them!

Everyone shuts up. Her face trembles, eyes welling.

DANIEL
Mal, you don't know what you're talking about.

MALLORY
You HAVE to fight! You have to fight them, Danny!

DANIEL
Fight who?

MALLORY
Who? Who built the camps, Dan? Who has all the guns, Dan? Who controls the roads, and the food, and who pushes thousands of innocent people into *those places* every day? You fight them, Danny!

She stands shakily to face him.

DANIEL
What do you want me to do?

MALLORY
You fight, Danny, only you know how!

DANIEL
And that's all pretty easy for you to say, isn't it? You're talking about open combat! Do you even know what that means? No, you don't - you don't but I do. We can't organize. We can't move in public areas. We can't take any form of transportation. We can't unite or communicate or even hide among our own population. We are flies caught in a web, trying our best not to be move!

Mallory faces him, eyes burning.

ERIK
Dan. Enough.

DANIEL
You think I'm going to lead a shooting war? Is that what you want me to do?

ERIK
The shooting war already started. What the news won't tell you but my friends on the force will is that the federal forces are being pushed out of small towns by coordinated resistance, men waving flags with *de oppresso liber* written on 'em, and every one of 'em talking about Daniel Walker.

Stack laughs at Daniel. Check-*mate.*

ERIK (CONT'D)
Whatever you do better be good. Because what you do and what happens to you means something to a lot of people. But doing nothing doesn't mean "no consequence."

He walks out. Daniel looks at Stack.

DANIEL
I don't need any more of your wisdom, you big black bastard.

STACK
(singing)
A wise man once told me, never argue with fools...

DANIEL
Look, what did I just say?

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAWN

Daniel pushes Mallory awake. Shines a light in her face.

DANIEL
Get up.

Mallory smiles.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE - SPECIAL FORCES TRAINING

DANIEL
Whatever you thought you were, what you are now is dead.

_) rifle fire drills, room clearing drills.

_) low-crawling through freezing mud

_) Erik’s contacts hooking them up with support

_) a brute physical challenge slowly achieved

DANIEL (CONT’D)
Your enemy’s police state requires uniformity and compliance, providing us with the very tools we need to subvert his technology. You will memorize his patterns.

DANIEL (CONT’D)
You will wear no uniform. Uniforms and insignia are what your enemy wears to provide you and your team a target. They will hunt you, but you will improvise, adapt, and overcome. And if you shoot, you will shoot to wound, making their time here as ugly and expensive as possible.

_) Mallory studying National Guard patrol patterns through binoculars.

_) National Guard base - a tank caught on a light pole. Soldiers walking around with reflective belts.

STACK
The US Military - the most capable, experienced, and lethal fighting force in world history, battle hardened from more than a decade of wars in the Middle East. Fortunately none of that experience will help him here! He cannot maneuver or establish effective air cover in the city. He would not leverage his artillery assets in civilian populated areas. In fact, he can’t even load his weapon, eat chow, or take a piss without permission and a PT belt. He’s gonna be tired, he’s gonna be bored, and he’s gonna be wondering about his own family.. So depending on how you play with Private Snuffy will mean the difference between an ally and an airstrike.

_) Troubles and hardships adapting.

_) black-clad police officers beating a man on the streets

DANIEL
They will bring to bear every technological advantage they have to dig you out and cut you up. They are looking for you already. They call you an enemy of the state. Your only recourse is to earn that title.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
A successful insurgency requires three percent of the population pick up a weapon with the intent to use it. But the other ninety-seven percent is the generation raised on starbucks, birthday parties and polite language. You put those people in a corner and they will turn on you. So when you enter the enemy's territory, the only surplus you can expect are targets.

_) making homemade explosive - chemistry (this is the bomb mixture used later)

_) CCTV cameras being spray-painted out.

_) Demonstration of Stack's technical prowess - remote-driven car.

_) Mallory, guided by Erik, practice shooting a deer rifle at a man-sized target in a field, firing through a long row of tires.

_) Jae conducts a move-and-shoot drill on a secluded range, hair dyed black and cut into a mohawk.

_) 3-D printed guns being made, tested.

_) Digging a giant pit - test of brute strength over time.

_) Final objective: START A REVOLUTION!

INT. BOWEN'S TRUCK - DAY

Bowen, Pepper driving MRAP.

Funny conversation about Bowen's paleo diet.

Sudden explosion rocks the truck!

The air inside is opaque with dust. As they cough, they hear bullet impacts on the armored exterior.

BOWEN
Push through.

The MRAP accelerates forward, unfazed.

Pepper operates the turret-mounted machine gun like a video game.

More bullets strike - Pepper returns fire. A civilian truck tries to escape, but Pepper chews it up with the machine gun.

Two of them disappear into a building.

BOWEN (CONT'D)
Call it in.

Bowen leaves the MRAP and chases them.

Gets them cornered.

We see it is NOT Daniel or any of his group. Just a few untrained hero wanna-bes in way over their heads.

There is a brief exchange - strange because everybody is American. They refuse to drop their weapons.

Ambusher POV - build up expectation, where is he, where is he, then sudden appearance and suddenly Bowen appears out of nowhere and puts them both down.

LATER

The messily dead insurgents are handled by NSD medics.

The street is littered with glass and floating paper. Lights and noise.

Charlotte with her news team, speaking with Masterson.

MASTERSON
This is a case of a private security firm defending itself from a guerilla-style ambush. No, we don't know what their motivation was. They were just a couple of kids with no criminal history.

CHARLOTTE
Then why were they killed?

MASTERSON
They fired on federal agents, OK?

CHARLOTTE
You said they were private security.

Bowen sits near the blast-marked MRAP, blood spattered pants and slung rifle, eating a candy bar.

A small boy on the sidewalk watches the spectacle.

The boy locks eyes with Bowen - who does not look away.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

They move through an alley, carrying backpacks.

Jae splashes in something. Her leg is soaked.

JAE
Fucking hell.

Lovegood points to a shady-looking apartment building.

LOVEGOOD
Room seven thirty four. His name's Rashid.

DANIEL
Thanks.

LOVEGOOD
Yeah, good luck guys.

INT. RASHID'S APARTMENT - LATER

They have a view of the community center from the patio. They can see police riot lines forming.

RASHID
Yeah, we're gonna have a great view of the illegitimate use of force on a peaceful community effort for what amounts to federal land grabbing!

He sticks out a hand.

RASHID (CONT'D)
Rashid. I'm from Karachi, anarcho-capitalist, vegetarian, studied at MIT. Betavoltaics.
(MORE)

RASHID (CONT'D)
You know, batteries that last like, a hundred years? It's so exciting what's been happening. So who are you guys?

LATER

Jae is rooming with a bunch of boys in close quarters.

She digs in her bag.

JAE
Ok, did anybody bring extra socks?

Stack throws his big smelly ones on her face.

STACK
There you go, baby.

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

DANIEL
Tall apartment building. About 1400 meters down. See it? You'll be in there.

Mallory nods.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
You feeling OK?

Mallory nods.

She vomits over the side. Daniel waits. They can hear the amplified police warnings from the riot line.

MALLORY
What's it like to kill somebody?

Pause.

DANIEL
These are Americans. If we do our job right, nobody's gonna die.

MALLORY
What if it doesn't work that way?

DANIEL
If there's going to be a revolution, it has to be *about* something.

JOHN
You know how this is gonna end, right?

They look over. John and Rashid are sharing a hookah.

Behind them, Steve rolls his camera.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Everybody dies. Haha, oh damn, I gave away the ending. You don't have a country anymore. You have a territory. And the longer you survive will be related to how many of your enemies you are willing to kill. Dan, Dan, Dan. Your revolution will not even be remembered.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

Josh listens to the soldiers talk about the news. They're hanging out, off shift.

The news shows the minimal blast damage to the MRAP.

VASQUEZ
Daaaaammn! Hey Johnson look, they throwing firecrackers.

JOHNSON
Ain't funny, dude. My boy in 34th over in Wisconsin say'n they gettin hit with EFPs every week.

Josh is using federal communication system to send an e-mail.

VASQUEZ
Shut the fuck up, man, civilians can't make EFPs.

JOHNSON
Detonator and sheet of copper, and That's all it is, bra. Bam, jet of liquid metal right through the armor. The fuck, Vax, you didn't hear about the casualty rates out in Madison?

A few phrases from Josh's e-mail. - worried about his dad's health, hopes this will all be over soon.

VASQUEZ
If it happened over the border, how'd you hear ever about it?

JOHNSON
Look man, I'm just saying that's what I heard.

Josh hits SEND. The federal e-mail system flashes the American flag and EWE symbol.

The screen reflection superimposes the flag on Josh's face.

INT. RASHID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dan listens to music on headphones in a dusty corner. Exhausted. Unable to sleep.

Jae watches him.

His music player beeps. Out of battery.

He sighs. Tosses it. Looks at her.

He and Jae get up, start waking the others. Dan wakes Stack.

STACK
Man, I hate waking up and lookin at you every mornin.

Everybody starts getting up, putting on their gear, checking equipment.

Mallory can't get her kit on right. Daniel helps her.

They are ready.

DANIEL
When they made peaceful revolution impossible, they made violent revolution inevitable.

Daniel holds up a bullet.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
This is a tool. You are the weapon. And the fact that you walk when they say kneel means you're already winning. See you after.

Disperse.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

A tent city on community center grounds. Wet, bedraggled families cluster, pool resources, making a hell of a messy sight.

Someone plays piano through a jerry-rigged speaker.

A black police cordon, lines of cops with riot shields, is for the moment quiet.

A crowd of civilians gathered, trading uneasy words with police.

CIVILIAN 1
You can't kick us out. There are families here.

NSD GOON
You're on federal property, and if you're not stepping in one hour...

CIVILIAN 2
This is public property!

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Mallory and Stack move down the street toward the half-burned apartment complex, carrying their equipment.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MORNING

John breaks into a car and drops a backpack into the back seat, taking an extra moment to orient it straight out into the street.

He moves down the sidewalk, then nudges an orange cone into the street.

In a window above the intersection, Bobby sets up a camera.

INT. SNIPER HIDE - MORNING

Gray morning light reveals a small stripped bed frame and abandoned toys. Bieber and Miley posters, pink wallpaper - corners burned black. A young girl's bedroom.

Stack prepares his radio equipment. Mallory LOADS BULLETS into her rifle.

She has carved "III" into the wooden stock.

MALLORY
Adjust, adapt, overcome.

She looks through her view port: a burned-open gap in the wall.

Outside: a quiet suburban intersection. An abandoned gas station, a coffee shop. In the distance, the community center buzzes with activity.

It starts to rain.

INT. MRAP - DAY

Masterson rides an MRAP full of NSD agents. They rumble up behind the riot line. Beyond the line, the community center's tent city and meager civilian defense.

Masterson laughs.

MASTERSON
Today's the day, gentlemen. Let's send these moochers packing.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

Tension across the barricades. Protests get louder down the line while protest organizers with medic bags encourage peace.

Riot police brandish impact weapons threateningly.

COPS
Get out of the way!

Dan and Jae move through this chaos.

They get into position. Steve chooses his camera angle.

RIOT CAPTAIN
You are on federal property. You must leave or be subject to arrest or other police action. This is your final warning.

Time is up! The tension BREAKS - the riot line attacks!

EXT. RIOT - CONTINUOUS

People fleeing the riot line's advance.

The MRAP activates the microwave heat ray, sending protestors shrieking.

The riot line advances, each foot fall accompanied by a gutteral chorus:

RIOT LINE
Move! Move! Move!

The MRAP moves up, forcing the people away.

Dan and Jae wait for it to move into position. The riot line thumps closer.

Masterson keys up the sound cannon. People shriek and cower.

INT. SNIPER HIDE - CONTINUOUS

Mallory fires, setting off the first tannerite target.

John moves into action - starting the fight.

The citizens rally to fight back. Home made weapons. They resist the riot line.

Soldiers react - unsure what to do.

LT
High ready! Stop that crowd!

Mallory watches through her scope - guns are pointed at the people now.

MALLORY
What do I do?

STACK
Don’t shoot anyone.

EXT. RIOT - DAY

JOSH
Do not fucking shoot anyone!

SERGEANT MAJOR BUCKLE gets out and marches over to them.

VASQUEZ
Oh no.

Vasquez stands at parade rest while Buckle’s hand forms a blade, pointed at his face.

BUCKLE
Private! Why is your safety off?

VASQUEZ
Uh, I thought I saw a bad guy, Sergeant Major.

Stack watches through the spotting scope - chuckles.

Meanwhile, the MRAP rolls into position. Good to go!

BUCKLE
And private, po-lice that mustache!

Dan triggers the trap.

An underground BOOM blows a manhole cover sky high and drops the nose of MRAP into a rectangular pit in the road.

INT. MRAP - CONTINUOUS

The MRAP's front end falls into the hole, bouncing violently.

Masterson coughing, recovering. Their rear wheels spin in the air. They're stuck.

MASTERSON
Lock the doors. Lock them.

They are trapped inside an armored cage.

The explosion scatters the crowds. Only Daniel advances through the smoke.

Daniel appears through the window.

Suddenly all cameras are on Daniel, asking questions.

DANIEL
This is a warning to those who are still following the orders of criminals and targeting the American people. We will not disarm, we will not comply, and we will resist!

SOMEONE IN CROWD
Three percent!!

The crowd goes nuts. Civilians surge forward.

Jae prepares the getaway vehicle.

NEWS HOUND
The revolution will be in HD!

The news guy stands in front of Steve, ruining his master shot. Steve pushes his little camera out of the way.

STEVE
That's not even HD!

Sudden noisy arrival of Bowen's fast black SUV. He squeals in, sliding against Jae's truck, trapping her inside.

He jumps down from the open door, followed by Pepper.

Locks eyes with Daniel. Daniel recognizes him.

Daniel turns to run.

Bowen and Pepper chase him.

MASTERSON
Robert Masterson, NSD! All of you are under arrest!

Masterson runs for the cover of Bowen's vehicle.

Jae KICKS the car door open, hits Masterson square in the face!

He squints through watering eyes. Steve and Jae are in Bowen's truck.

MASTERSON (CONT'D)
Hey. Hey!

Jae grips the wheel of this armored monster.

She revs it up and drives off. The people cheer!

Masterson realizes he's very alone, surrounded by goddamn hippies.

EXT. SUBURBS - DAY

Dan runs through suburban yards, over fences.

Pepper and Bowen chase.

Final trap - Bowen down!

But here comes Pepper - hand to hand fight - doesn't look good!

Dan gets HURT!

Pepper moves in for the kill, but suddenly Jae slams the truck through the wall, knocking Pepper OUT!

But Bowen is back and can kill them both - Daniel stands to protect Jae -

FAT MARK (O.S.)
Hold it.

Three militiamen in camouflaged gear and weapons. Rotund Constitutionalist FAT MARK barks commands.

Bowen won't take his gun barrel off Dan.

FAT MARK (CONT'D)
Just put it down, fella.

He pushes forward and the shortest militiaman points his gun at Bowen's face.

FAT MARK (CONT'D)

Bowen finally lowers his rifle. Exhales.

Stares at Daniel. Sounds of a helicopter approaching.

BOWEN
I'm coming.

Fat Mark looks to Jae.

FAT MARK
You guys stay right behind us.
We'll bring you home. Come on, Dan.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The car squeals to a stop and the men jump out, moving quickly to ramp exits.

FAT MARK
(shaking hand)
Everybody calls me Fat Mark.

DANIEL
I remember. You live down the road from my father. How's the restaurant business?

FAT MARK
You know, I think it's really coming around.

They smile. Fat Mark nods to his two teammates.

FAT MARK (CONT'D)
My boys. Derek and Preston.

The boys nod. Jae comes up.

JAE
Why don't you two wear masks?

DEREK
Law abiding citizens shouldn't need to hide in their own country.

JAE
What about you?

17-year old PRESTON, the shortest militiaman, pulls down the front of his shemagh scarf.

PRESTON
It's really warm.

JAE
Dan. Something you should see.

Jae pops the trunk of the SUV. Weapons, body armor - and a long black case labeled "Cheytac."

PRESTON
Woah.

EXT. SUBURBAN WEAPONS CACHE - DAY

Fat Mark helps Daniel bury the black case in a cache.

EXT. HEMLOCK AVE - DUSK

Militia walk briskly.

FAT MARK
Hold up now.

Stop at a corner.

They hustle through a yard scattered with shopping carts, into a protected neighborhood. Armed sentries step out.

SENTRY
I thought I was hearing a moose coming in off the lake just now, but then Brian there says “No, I think that’s Fat Mark.”

FAT MARK
I can’t help it if I’m the only one who prepared for the apocalypse.

Beard introduced here, stickler for rules, tactical goon, insists on protocol, marches right over and stares at Daniel and Jae.

BEARD
You brought them *here?*

FAT MARK
This is their street.

SENTRY
Go on in then. They’re waiting for you at Miller’s.

The sentries let them pass.

EXT. HEMLOCK AVE - BLOCK PARTY - DUSK

Victory shot - Mallory and Erik greet Daniel. Mallory flushed with victory.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Meat cooks on grills - Fat Mark, a restaurant owner, breaks out a preserved feast from his hidden coolers.

Neighborhood survivors pass plates of food and talk happily in the summer evening light.

Teenagers hang out. Preston plays guitar, some neighborhood girls gathered around - but he has eyes only for Mallory, who sits alone.

Some kind of small contention between them and Beard.

Guys flirt with Jae, but she looks past them to Daniel, who looks right back at her.

Erik and Fat Mark talk.

FAT MARK
You should really come back to Hemlock, Erik. Hell, we kept your house locked for you.

Jae pokes in.

JAE
Excuse me Erik, have you seen Dan?

FAT MARK
Come on, sweet thing, I'll show you where he is.

They move through the party.

Fat Mark opens the garage door. Inside, Daniel sits in a chair, doing his interview with Steve.

FAT MARK (CONT'D)
Hey, you guys hurry that up and come get some barbecue, seriously.

Jae gives Daniel a devilish look. He just shrugs and smiles at her through the crack in the door.

Stack talks to some of the neighborhood fighters.

STACK
The blacks. The veterans. You find a dangerous minority that could rock your boat, what do you do? You feed it, you pet it, grant it entitlement and a platform to leverage itself against a common enemy, then he's not your weakness, he's your pitbull.

OTHER MINI SCENES: Steve films. Tables of goods to trade. What's Stack doing? Lovegood? Wives, kids mingling.

Dan has fun with some younger guys, fighters and veterans. Homemade liquor passed around. They swap anecdotes.

John stands apart from the crowd, checking out the other warriors.

Fat Mark's wife sits nearby with a baby chats and him up.

FAT MARK'S WIFE
Oh my goodness, we had a hard time this spring without the medicine, but we pulled through.
(MORE)

FAT MARK'S WIFE (CONT'D)
My gramma had this old book full of pictures of all these natural herbs that we could grow in our garden! Do you use natural herbs?

JOHN
I don't get sick.

FAT MARK'S WIFE
Well, stay away from our family! Jeez, you know, there's never less than two of us sneezin' or hackin' or somethin' or other.

JOHN
Maybe you're sick because you can't stop talking about being sick, and how to keep from getting sick, and everything you need to be less sick.

FAT MARK'S WIFE
Well how can you believe a thing like that?

JOHN
Because you're sick and I'm not.

Tough-guy talk about NSD invasion rumors.

MILITIA
Do you think they'll bring in the UN?

BEARD
Cheap real estate.

MILITIA 2
Blue helmets make for easy targets.

Final shot - beyond their security fences dark stretches of urban chaos lead to the gray hulk of the Dead Zone.

TV NEWS SEQUENCE

A TV news segment - a Daniel Walker all-star reel, including a shot of Erik's hunting rifle, found at the scene with "III" etched into the stock. Crazed "witnesses" swearing they saw him.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. GNN STUDIO - DAY

TV bumper introduces in-studio interview - Wasik and Charlotte. Sleek, dramatically lit. She looks great.

Wasik sits erect - a dignified statesman. Speaks with groomed aplomb and a controlled Polish accent.

CHARLOTTE
GNN welcomes an interview with District Governor Uriasz Wasik, the man known and elected for getting things done. Good evening, sir.

WASIK
Good evening.

CHARLOTTE
Now Governor, given the level of red-level threat activity in the last few days alone, we can probably assume we have a well-organized insurgency right here in the St. Paul metro. So I wanted to ask what your plans are for keeping the people in your district safe.

WASIK
It’s very simple. A terrorist requires a support base. A group of this size must have an enormous number of connections, so we ask those who know anything about terrorists to come forward and be rewarded. We have hotlines open.

CHARLOTTE
Hotlines. Now Governor, to cut right down to the chase here, you’ve suffered a fair amount of criticism for your use of force against noncompliance with federal eviction. Do you feel this criticism was justified?

WASIK
What?

CHARLOTTE
Justified. Do you feel you were justified?
(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Apart from the secret arrests, the abuse, the food hoarding, and declaring our homeland a battlefield - what further use of force, do you think, would one need, to finally *break* the American people? Mr. Governor?

The stage manager looks up from his script, horrified.

Wasik says nothing.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
The question, Governor, is how much power, when granted a man, should be used? How may graves does peace require?

Wasik stares slowly, coldly. A hand signal stops the offstage scramble to change the topic.

WASIK
I will answer your question. When I was a small boy, in Poland - this was after the 5th year of Nazi occupation. We were liberated by RUSSIAN UNIT of the Red Army, who on the evening of their conquest set upon my neighbors for food and quarter. An occupation is the same regardless of flag, and it will take what it wants because it cannot be resisted... But with patience. It was two more winters of hunger, beatings, and the rapes, before I became strong enough to fight. There were eight of them. Veterans of Stalingrad and Berlin. One night, in ones and twos, they fell to my knife. They had all the guns - even my father's old Tokarev - locked up in the house they took for their barracks. So they chose the manner of their judgment, not I. All but one, who I let escape. I was ten years old - the oldest man in my village. There was no one else to do it.

His eyes snap back to her.

CHARLOTTE
I bought my peace, Ms. Charlotte. Peace has a price.
(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
I am Uriasz Vladislav Wasik, and these lands and the safety of these people have been brought into my care. If the enemies of peace insist we build the New World Order over their graves, then we will accommodate them.

INT. LOVEGOOD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lovegood's family - watching the TV buzz about big rewards for turning terrorists in.

And hard consequences for harboring them.

Lovegood is thinking very hard about it.

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Round table - generals, etc. Wasik is furious.

WASIK
I'm not happy taking your flak, Mr. Bowen.

BOWEN
Sir, we'll get his home street, but we don't have the manpower to -

WASIK
Staff problems?

He leans back, tenting his fingers.

WASIK (CONT'D)
Why didn't you say so?

Wasik signs an executive order - battle lines drawn.

INT. NATIONAL GUARD HQ - DAY

Josh watches soldiers changing shift. They're weary, hungry.

Scared.

Captain sees him, tosses a new velcro rank patch - a promotion.

CAPTAIN
Baker. Sergeant Decker's AWOL. You're running the platoon.
(MORE)

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
There’s a mission coming up - OPORD brief in 5.

CAFETERIA - LATER

Soldiers move in and out, moving wearily to their assignments, scraping what’s left from the old cafeteria pans.

Josh’s platoon sits at tables - a sparse group of men, skinny and tired. Waiting for orders. Rearden plucks a guitar string.

JOSH
Squad leaders only.

The lower enlisted men get up and leave.

Josh faces the sergeants.

REARDEN
What are we doing, sergeant?

The Rearden continues to pluck the guitar string.

INT. WALKER HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Daniel looks out of a vantage point of the whole neighborhood - a functioning organism. Promise of safety.

INT. FAT MARK’S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mallory relaxes on the couch. Her follow-up interview. Preston watches.

Steve admires his natural light arrangement in the camera viewfinder while she stretches on the soft fabric.

MALLORY
It’s good to have a home.

STEVE
In light of what you’ve seen, Mallory - what hope do you have for the future?

INT. WALKER HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dan at the window. A noise behind him - it’s Jae.

She stands there looking at him.

Closes the door with her foot.

INT. WALKER HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daniel and Jae fall onto the bed, her smooth leg wrapped over his.

He kisses her neck. She gives in; they're both giving in. She stops him to pull off her shirt.

INT. FAT MARK'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MALLORY
Nothing's all good or all evil. Mostly when it happens it's a state of gray, and we have to figure out after what we're going to make of it.

Steve silently celebrates capturing the perfect moment.

EXT. HEMLOCK AVE - NIGHT

Two militia sentries hang out in the shadows, swatting mosquitos.

Both go down to suppressed gunshots.

INT. WALKER HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daniel breaks off the kiss. Peeks out the window.

Sees a black-suited assault team moving up Fat Mark's lawn.

Daniel moves in, gear and weapons from Bowen's truck already in hand.

DANIEL
Get up, right now.

EXT. HEMLOCK AVE - NIGHT

Black-clad teams fill the street, army trucks, barking dogs.

People come outside, hands in the air. They are forced onto their faces while officers hover with digital lists on ipads. People are segregated and put onto trucks.

Fat Mark and his wife are pushed onto the lawn. Preston watches from Erik's window as the agent scans his mom.

MASTERSON
You ever hear of a Daniel Walker?

She says nothing.

MASTERSON (CONT'D)
C'mon, it's real easy. Huh?

She remains defiant.

MASTERSON (CONT'D)
Okay.

They set K9s on her and watch, laughing.

Fat Mark rushes them and is shot dead. Sudden gunfire from other houses force the agents into cover positions.

They return fire.

Heavy machine guns chew into bedroom windows, doorways.

INT. FAT MARK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Shattering glass and splintered wood - Steve, Mallory and Preston try to shelter as bullets rip through the house.

Bobby is killed.

INT. WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dan, John, Jae grabbing gear.

DANIEL
Only what you need to move and shoot. We go into the dead zone.

JAE
On foot?

DANIEL
Two teams of two. Let's move.

Erik stops, draws his old service pistol. Daniel sees what he's doing, but before he can say anything -

ERIK
Find Mallory and get out. Preston too, if you can - he's a good boy.

DANIEL
Dad.

ERIK
If they don't find someone, they're just gonna keep looking.

Dan hugs him.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Be good lawbreakers.

Jae kisses Erik's cheek while pulling Daniel away.

JAE
Sterkte.

They leave out the back.

Erik turns to the front door - black boots are already crossing the lawn.

Erik opens the chamber of his revolver, dumping the bullets.

He sets the pistol down, raises his hands into the air.

ERIK
40 years, never fired a shot.

EXT. BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Daniel disappears into the woods behind the houses as flashes and gunfire pop inside the house.

EXT. FAT MARK'S HOUSE - LATER

Josh's squad receives orders. They brandish bullet proof shields, running up the lawn past the NSD agents firing on the houses.

They stack on the door.

JOSH
Breach and clear!

Johnson uses a ram to batter the door down and they sweep inside.

Derek shoots the first man.

Johnson shoots Derek.

The dog runs up snarling and is also shot.

The shot soldier lies choking in the doorway, blood gurgling from an upper chest wound.

A momentary hesitation.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Push inside, move!

Flashlights and moving shadows, they clear the house.

Room by room, sweeping, until his weapon light shines on Mallory and Preston.

His gun barrel wavers only inches away.

He drops the barrel.

JOSH (CONT'D)
C'mon, get up. You need to -

Daniel body checks him from the side. John joins him.

They tangle and fight. Josh is quickly best by them, and John is ready to kill.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Stop. Stop. You're Walker, right? Listen. There's SUMMIT tomorrow morning. If you can get in there...

JOHN
What are you talking about?

Noise in the hallway.

JOSH
The army's falling apart. They'll follow you.

He stands up. Ushers them out the back. Mallory and Preston grab their vest and gun.

Josh lets them out of the back side of the house.

Outside the house, Masterson poses with Fat Mark's "Come and Take It" flag for a photo.

EXT. SUBURBAN BACK YARDS

Back yards, fences, a playground.

They move in squad formation, John on point and Daniel in command.

There are fires. Bodies laid out and marked in front yard gardens.

They move from house to house - now silence except for boots running and heavy breathing. A distant barking dog.

They stop at the edge of the dead zone, gasping for air, exhausted.

Preston paces, breathing heavily, trying to contain himself.

Daniel stops apart from the others, thinking. John storms up to Daniel.

JOHN
What are you doing?

DANIEL
Across the dead zone. Lovegood's house. We can arrange a car from there.

JOHN
Tails firmly tucked?

He shakes his head. Walks over to Mallory.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Lakota - "how are you, flower?"

MALLORY
I lost my mags.

JOHN
Let's go find you some more.

John leads her away.

DANIEL
Don't you think you're gonna take my -

JOHN
Your what?

Daniel plants himself in front of them.

DANIEL
Mal, you're staying with me.

JOHN
Leave the fight to those who want to. It's a free country, right?

They fight.

Daniel eventually gets the best of him and pins him.

The kill would be easy.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Do it.

DANIEL
No.

JOHN
That is why you're unworthy to lead. I descend from drunks and old dreamers who can not unite because we have no hope, but you! Your people come to you, asking only "how do I fight?"

John gets up. Picks up his stuff.

JOHN (CONT'D)
My people will disappear from the earth, because we trusted too much.
(turns back to Daniel)
You have not learned, white man.

He jogs off alone.

Daniel reaches for Mallory - she throws him off.

INT. COURT MARTIAL - NIGHT

Josh sits before court-martial panel.

Evidence/testimony/drone footage of Josh's actions.

CAPTAIN
Jesus Christ, Baker.

The Captain's red eyes reveal his exhaustion and grief.

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - DAWN

Josh is walked out in fatigue pants and T-shirt, stripped of rank, barefoot. He is led to the top of a plastic chair.

The Captain watches as a cable is slipped around Josh's neck.

BUCKLE
Sergeant First Class Josh Baker, you have been found guilty of treason against the United States. The punishment for treason is death. This sentence will be carried out immediately. Do you have any last words?

JOSH
I love my country-

The chair is scraped out from under him.

He has time to whimper before he has nothing left to stand on.

Rearden and Vasquez watch from formation.

EXT. DEAD ZONE BORDER - DAWN

Cross the border - the remains of a checkpoint, full of bullet holes, long abandoned. A stripped-bare humvee frame. This was an ambush site - the buildings are gouged and charred.

The humvee's antenna still waves the torn remains of a tiny US flag.

STACK
The dead zone.

The streets are quiet, dusty and empty. Long-dead fires consumed whole buildings. The air is thick with chemical pollution. They move slowly, methodically, car to car. Garbage and abandoned belongings - remains of a past age.

They round a final corner, finally seeing the hazy debris mound of the collapsed skyscraper.

DANIEL
Ground Zero.

The rubble of a collapsed 60-story structure, surrounded by abandoned rescue vehicles, debris.

No cleanup, no power, no food, no life.

Stack checks a silent Geiger counter.

STACK
That’s a neg on air radiation.

JOHN
It’s broken.

STACK
No. This wasn’t nuclear.

Helicopters buzz in the distance.

DANIEL
Let’s get inside.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

They enter a blasted out high-class downtown mall lobby - high glass ceilings, broken and leaking, looted stores, drooping fashion posters.

A skeleton in the street lies stuffed with iphones and sandwich boxes.

They suck down water from their hydration bladders.

DANIEL
Not so much. We will need it.

INT. CITY SKYWAY - DAY

Daniel explores the destruction.

He needs some time alone.

In the darkness, Daniel steps onto the head of a mannequin. Snap.

The sound triggers a loud snarl - close.

He freezes. Scans slowly with the night vision.

He finally sees them - a pack of starving feral dogs.

One looks up, teeth clashing, its eyes bright orbs.

It looks right at him, staring.

Daniel holds his ground.

INT. WASIK BANQUET - NIGHT - TRACKING SHOT

Wasik laughs at a high class banquet, giving cigars to his “preferred clients” - politicians, media people, officers.

Bowen moves casually, directing his teams.

PEPPER
(over radio)
Commander, you’re needed downstairs.

Goes downstairs. He moves through the banquet.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

CLUE THAT MASTERSON MAY HAVE BEEN INVOLVED WITH THE BOMBING.

Masterson is busy beating Lovegood, who is strapped to a chair.

Bowen passes Pepper.

BOWEN
This the guy that made the call on the street?

MASTERSON
Uh huh.

Blows falling.

BOWERN
So what are you doing?

MASTERSON
Your fuckin’ job!

Masterson screams at Lovegood.

MASTERSON (CONT’D)
Yeah, good fuckin’ intel, you know those batshit revolutionaries you hang with killed three national guardsmen?!

BOWEN
Let us handle this. We’ll take Walker out of play. So you don’t have to blow up half of St. Paul.

Masterson considers.

MASTERSON
You're running out of chances, Bowen.

Masterson leaves.

BOWEN
When you get his location, take two teams. They're prepping right now. I'm going out to the airfield. You'll have air assets on your intel in the next two hours. So hurry this up.

PEPPER
I got it.

Bowen leaves. Then the boots turn to him.

LOVEGOOD
I'll talk. I'll talk. Wait wait.

Lovegood's chair is yanked to an upright position.

Pepper rolls a hairband off his wrist. Ties his hair back.

LOVEGOOD (CONT'D)
Officer, wait, I'll talk.

PEPPER
Do I look like a cop to you?

*******(75% (PAGE 85-95)) - BIG SOLUTION INT. LOVEGOOD'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Daniel, Jae, Stack, Preston, and Mallory sit down for dinner with Lovegood's family. His wife, two children.

LOVEGOOD
Thank you Jesus for what you've given us, and guide is in these troubled times to best discern your will. Amen.

Silverware clinks quietly.

BASEMENT - LATER

A row of children's sleeping bags in the basement. The team is asleep.

Upstairs, Dan remains awake. He's nodding off, trying to keep watch out the upstairs window.

Lovegood looks up the staircase to where Dan is. He finally turns and looks to his wife, who disappears into the kids' bedroom. He moves to the front picture window, and opens the curtain.

INT. BOWEN'S HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Bowen watches from his helicopter - the infrared signal can see Dan in his lookout position.

BOWEN
Pepper.

EXT. LOVEGOOD'S LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Pepper leads two teams in black assault gear.

BOWEN
(over radio)
Burn him.

INT. LOVEGOOD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lovegood exhales, leaves the window. Walks to his the living room. He finds the center and kneels on the living room carpet, his hands rising into the air.

LAWN - LATER

The two assault teams move up the lawn.

They position quickly and silently on the house - one team on the door, Pepper leading the other to an position on the street.

TEAM ONE LEADER
One set.

Suddenly there are headlights down the street - a vehicle is rolling toward Pepper's team!

PEPPER
Two, stop that vehicle!

His team takes out the tires with their suppressed rifles and it swerves to a banging stop into a tree right next to them.

Pepper puts two through the driver's side windshield. One of his men moves to inspect.

They realize it's Bowen's truck.

MERCENARY
It’s one of ours.

Inside the driver’s seat, an electronic arm grips the steering wheel, wires running into the back seat... where there are massive jugs of homemade explosives!

A camera mounted in the drivers seat turns to him, red eye glowing.

The car explodes before the team can think to back away, and they are all incinerated or thrown to the ground.

A thick white smoke cloud chokes the whole street.

ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

The door busts inward, and Team one moves in - but the hallway has been blocked by a section of chain link fence! They get hung up on each other as they their own momentum pushes them into the short space.

Through the fence they see Lovegood on his knees in his living room - with Daniel standing behind him, pistol pointed.

The front mercenary can’t get his weapon dislodged from the fence in time...

TEAM ONE LEADER
Short room! Turn around!

Daniel shoots him. Jae and Mallory cut through the wall with machine gun fire, killing the whole team.

They rip the fence down and move outside, shooting every downed team member they find.

Sudden movement - but it’s Stack - Preston, and Steve are there too.

Daniel and Stack immediately move into the front yard, double tapping the fallen agents in full view of astonished neighbors.

Lovegood’s wife is screaming, held in the living room by Preston. Daniel walks back inside and faces Lovegood.

Steve rolls his head camera. Daniel looks back to him. Nods. Looks back to Lovegood.

DANIEL
You set this up?

LOVEGOOD
Dan. They were going to -

Daniel shoots him in the chest. Lovegood's wife screams. He swings the pistol to her head.

Lovegood's kid screams from the hallway. He stares at the wife.

DANIEL
When they grow up, you tell them truth.

LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Pepper watches from a hiding place.

EXT. MILITIA MEETING - NIGHT

Daniel speaks to a small group of citizen militia - the III%, Beard, Rearden, and others from Hemlock Ave.

Steve stands somberly in a body armor vest, a small camera attached to a bike helmet on his head.

DANIEL
For thousands of generations your ancestors fought lions and won, to survive. Our purpose is to be alive, and no matter who you are, you come from warriors. History will remember this place. Not because of how far we had to bend for permission just to be here, and we are going to show them who wants it more!

SERIES OF SHOTS:

_) Bowen can't see through the thick white smoke.

_) Daniel and his team disperse outside, all signs of weariness gone. Daniel passes his pistol to Mallory.

A silent goodbye, and split off in pairs - Stack and Steve, Mallory and Preston, Daniel and Jae.

_) Preston and Mallory move together, calmly, through the mobilization of the inner-city gang army. They pass unmolested, carrying a monstrous black case labeled "CHEYTAC."

_) Train yard - Tracks run two directions, carry two sets of cargo - black plastic coffins and armored military vehicles.

Dan and Jae sneak into a car stacked with coffins as it steams away.

_) Inside black coffin - Jae and Dan fuck, sweating and panting in the red light of a cracked glow stick.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BOWEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bowen does push ups furiously on his office floor, surrounded by his accolades - pictures with presidents and super stars, on mission in every continent. Medals, awards.

Bowen finishes his push ups with a sustained yell of fury.

He leaps to his feet and strides down the hallway to the operation bay. Pepper has arrived, bruised but walking.

The guys stop talking to him when they see Bowen coming.

PEPPER
Boss, I -

Bowen drops him to his knees with an efficient strike combo to the solar plexus.

BOWEN
Boy, seven on the slab. Three in the chop shop, and here you are with both feet and no cargo?

Knee to the face, then seizes Pepper by the hair and pulls him to knees. He stares murder as his fist hovers lethally.

MERCENARY
Woah, woah - boss.

Bowen whips his head to his men. They are quietly watching.

BOWEN
Do you want to lose this contract? Back on the streets, find out which side of this war you're really on?

Eyes snap back to Pepper.

BOWEN (CONT'D)
If I had *one thing* to gain by pulling your guts out of your mouth with this hand, I would do it.

Pause. Pepper quivers.

BOWEN (CONT'D)
Get it on, weapons and comms! Surveillance, strike and breach packages in the trucks in ten mikes! I want the whole Office moving! Find him. Find him find him find him.

The men scramble for their gear, springing into action.

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

A wide podium on a green lawn, decorated with the red white and blue. Intense security measures. Media tents, trucks on the lawn.

An affluent crowd gathers, filling stands.

Well-dressed people chat lightly. The whole Green Zone looks like nothing bad ever happened.

EXT. STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS

Josh's squad secures a corner.

EXT. MOTOR POOL - DAY

Stack and Steve wait in the shadows.

STEVE
I mean it's not like I can't do this, I mean, I got into a Brazilian cocaine house wearing a dress once, it's just that -

STACK
Steve. Shut up.

Stack strides into the motor pool in a Major's uniform, Steve following a little awkwardly behind him as a lieutenant.

Stack casually returns a salute from a passing mechanic.

They pass an available humvee - one they could steal.

STEVE
Hey, um, ah.

But Stack is already climbing onto a BRADLEY TANK instead.

STACK
Steve, Steve. Don't worry. Nobody could ever steal one of these... if he didn't have the keys!

He dangles them lightly, laughing.

STACK (CONT'D)
Ha ha! You sit tight, I'm about to hook you up.

INT. SNIPER HIDE - CONTINUOUS

Far outside the Green Zone, through the window of an abandoned downtown office building.

Mallory centers crosshairs over the cluster of microphones on the empty podium.

MALLORY
Wind - 260 degrees, 5 miles per hour. Range - 2.756 kilometers.

Next to her lies the Cheytac rifle, machine-mounted to calibration gears.

Preston keys buttons on the ballistic computer. The barrel arcs upward, ready for the impossibly long shot.

INT. BRADLEY TANK - DAY

Steve plops into the driver's seat. Stack buckles a turret gunner comms set to his head and climbs into the turret.

STACK
(over radio)
Turn it on.

Bobby fumbles for the mic switch.

STACK (CONT'D)
(over radio)
It's on your helmet cord.

Bobby finds it.

STEVE
(into radio)
Ok.

He’s surrounded by lights and controls. He finds the ignition, starts it. The Bradley chugs to life.

INT. WASIK’S DRESSING QUARTERS - DAY

Wasik tightens a tie. A bead of sweat. Looks to the time.

Bowen waits in a corner, arms crossed over a tux.

EXT. CAPITOL PARKING LOT - LATER

The Bradley brakes awkwardly to a stop next to an NSD vehicle.

Stack pokes his head out of the turret, grins to the NSD turret gunner.

Hand-puppets fellatio: *cocksucker*.

The NSD gunner offers a middle finger.

STACK
(into radio)
Steve, I want you to drive over this motherfucker first.

INT./EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

Bowen takes the stage with Wasik.

Cheers in the crowd. Wasik approaches the mic.

WASIK
My friends. (BEGINS PREPARED REMARKS)

Bowen scans the crowd for signs of Daniel.

His agents are doing the same thing.

INT. SNIPER HIDE - CONTINUOUS

The ballistic computer chirps, showing a custom sniper app.

PRESTON
Dan’s targeting.

EXT. PUBLIC ADDRESS - CONTINUOUS

Bowen scans the crowd.

Wasik is about to conclude his remarks.

The app progress bar reads: TARGETING.

MALLORY
Come on. Come on.

WASIK
CONCLUDES REMARKS.

Bowen scans the crowd - wait, who is that holding the phone?

It's Daniel - well dressed right up front in the media pit. The progress bar on Dan's phone app beeps TARGET LOCK.

Daniel and Bowen lock eyes. Daniel presses the fire button.

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Cheytac FIRES! The glass wall in front of the sniper hide completely shatters out.

Bowen shoves Wasik down and out of the way as the round smacks the microphone cluster right off the podium.

NSD and police move, K9s bark, vehicles and lights and sirens.

In the chaos Dan moves in. He makes for Wasik, drawing a plastic 3d-printed pistol.

BOWEN
Hostiles in the Green Zone! Get him downstairs!

Bowen exchanges gunfire with Daniel.

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mallory and Preston detach the rifle and pack up.

PRESTON
Did we get him?

Mallory shakes her head. Helicopters are already thumping the air.

INT. CAPITOL - DAY

Bowen directs half of his team to personal guard detail on Wasik. Someone yells about prepping the chopper.

They go inside.

NSD tanks start to roll.

EXT. GREEN ZONE - CONTINUOUS

The streets are alive with activity - running people, darting militia.

MASTERSON
Fire! Fire!

EXT. CAPITOL LAWN

Jae attacks Wasik like a badass!

Vasquez fires, hits Jae.

The screaming begins.

Bullets impact all around them, killing militia and civilians indiscriminately.

EXT. STREET BATTLE - DAY

Beard, Rearden and militia on rooftops toss homemade explosives.

Vasquez and Johnson die in their humvee.

The military responds with sustained gunfire.

It’s a running escape, firing and crashing blindly through alleys, ditching their gear into dumpsters.

EXT. STREET BATTLE - DAY

Masterson watches them, vectoring in a helicopter strike over the radio.

A sniper bullet whizzes past him!

INT. SNIPER HIDE - CONTINUOUS

Mallory has the rifle off the platform. She chambers another round.

PRESTON
Miss. Two seven inches from center. Hold elevation, come left one target width.

The scope clicks softly. She exhales slowly.

BANG.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
Miss. Pick it up and move.

Whining bullets SMACK off the wall.

They grab their gear. Move out the hallway.

Down the stairs. The sounds of the room above being shredded with minigun fire echo down the stair case.

A pile of shopping carts blocks the next floor landing. Mallory jumps.

Preston follows, but lands heavily on one leg and collapses.

He groans - sprained ankle. Blood sheets down his chin.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
Bit my tongue.

MALLORY
Can you keep up with me?

PRESTON
Yeah.

She leads him down the hallway and into a new room, looking out windows, Preston limping the whole way.

MALLORY
I see where he is.

She chooses a firing position by a window.

Mallory sets the bipod legs, takes aim while Preston looks through his spotting scope.

PRESTON
New Target. APC. 700 meters.

MALLORY
(into mic)
Dan, this is Mal. The militia's running off, and I got a tank coming east on Summit Ave right on top of you.

PRESTON
Target. Vehicle commander, top turret. Send it.

BANG.

EXT. STREET BATTLE - DAY

NSD tank Commander drops into his seat, dead.

Dan frisbee-tosses an Elmo tupperware bomb.

He gets behind cover and destroys the tank with a massive explosion.

Daniel gets to Jae. He sees that she's been shot.

DANIEL
Can you walk?

JAE
You should see me *dance*.

Shoots everybody who tries to get out.

Incoming rounds - glass shatters overhead, don't know where it's coming from.

A 2nd tank! NSD Ground troops!

A helicopter lines up for a shot...

Steve and Stack roar down the street in the tank!

Stack rocks the main gun at the NSD tank - wrecks it!

STACK
Whoo hoo!

Steve's brakes are out !

STEVE
Oh shit!

They ram the NSD vehicle, knocking it over.

Daniel hoists up Jae and retreats, running into back alleys.

EXT. STREET BATTLE - STEVE AND STACK

Steve and Stack crawl out of the vehicle, get split up, and run for their lives.

People in masks, lanky starving civilians shouting, throwing, destroying. Chaos.

The city is revolting, pushing up the streets.

INT. TACTICAL OPERATIONS CENTER (TOC) - CONTINUOUS

The TOC staff personnel watch the action unfold through drone video feeds.

Infrared blips moving in line.

DRONE PILOT
Got four foot mobiles going over the border.

DRONE GUNNER
Okay. Get me around them.

Severson watches as two drone operators set up the kill.

EXT. BORDER PITS - NIGHT

Beard escapes with a few of his guys over a school soccer field. Thumps of explosions in the background.

MILITIA
What about Walker?

BEARD
He can find his own way out.

The next step, they tumble into the border pits.

They fall onto hundreds of bodies, hands tied, covered in lime.

INT. TACTICAL OPERATIONS CENTER (TOC)

The first missile kills most of them.

DRONE PILOT
Got one crawling.

One guy tries to crawl, gives up, panting.

The IR camera zooms close enough to read his expression before the final flash.

DRONE GUNNER
Ok, *that's* a kill.

INT. CAPITOL - DAY

Bowen turns to the remainder of his team. The sounds of battle in the background.

BOWEN
He's in the green zone. He is not 300 meters from here. We take him, we bag him, we retire early.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

The building has been blown in - pipes have burst, power is out. People cower in the dark.

Daniel pushes his way into the shop, assisting Jae.

MAN
It's one of them.

DANIEL
Get out of my way.

Somebody in the background is dead, leaned over in a chair. A woman sobs frantically.

Jae is shaking. Daniel quickly assesses her injuries.

JAE
Bleeding?

Daniel pats the wound, feeling for blood - but leaking pipes drip water on them.

DANIEL
Everything is wet. The entrance wound is in your lower back, and it leaves through your thigh.

JAE
Do the leg.

INT. HOTEL PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Preston and Mallory are set up

MALLORY
Do you have any water left?

PRESTON
Yeah, here.

They watch the action down below. War zone stuff.

Mallory looks over the border into the Green Zone, to the building where Daniel is.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Daniel tightens the tourniquet. Jae's breath becomes ragged.

DANIEL
Come on, Jae. You're tough. You can do this.

JAE
Can't.. Breathe. You need to make... a hole. Second.... intercostal space.

She directs his fingers to a spot below her clavicle.

JAE (CONT'D)
Do you have a... A...

He pulls his knife and cuts a section of her rubber hydration bladder hose.

Sanitizes it with some liquor from behind the counter.

He positions the blade on her chest.

Hesitates.

JAE (CONT'D)
Do it.

He steels himself, and pushes the blade into her chest. She whimpers.

DANIEL
It's okay, hang on.

He uses the blade to leverage the rubber tube into the incision. She cries out, but with a hiss from her chest cavity, her breath comes back, deeper, fuller.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
There you are. Hey.

INT. HOTEL PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mallory scans through the scope.

Spots several black trucks driving fast without headlights.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The pipe drips.

JAE
Danny, I'm cold.

Worried, he turns on a white light flashlight - there is blood everywhere.

DANIEL
Holy shit.

He sees the wound he missed.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

Bullets crack down the street. He turns the light off, pulls her to the side, and begins to treat the new wound.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
It's OK, it's OK.
(turning around)
Is anyone here a doctor?

A dozen patrons cower behind them. They all go silent.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Anyone, please, a doctor?

They all keep their distance, like he's contagious.

JAE
Danny.

He realizes he's too late. He pulls her legs over his lap and she wraps her good hand around the back of his neck, holding him like a child, her head in his neck.

Her gaze wanders.

JAE (CONT'D)
Remember when you... When you said home is what you fight for?

He nods. She closes her eyes.

DANIEL
Stay close to me.

Her head begins to drop. Her breath slows, slows.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
No.

Stops.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
No, Jae. No.

Her eyes have closed. He holds her, unable to keep the tears back this time. He touches his forehead to hers.

The radio crackles.

MALLORY
(over radio)
Dan, it's Mal. You've got vehicles coming in fast from three directions. Black S.U.V.s.

Daniel lays Jae down, stands unsteadily.

MALLORY (CONT'D)
(over radio)
Danny?

Mallory waits for a response.

MALLORY (CONT'D)
Are you alive?

DANIEL
(over radio)
I love you, Mal. Kill as many as you can.

He turns to the people. There's nothing he can say to them.

He walks past them and steps outside.

INT. HOTEL PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mallory watches through the rifle scope as Daniel stands in the street.

He right at her. A wordless goodbye.

Black S.U.V.s swoop in and Dan is viciously attacked by BLACK OFFICE mercenaries, hooded, and pushed into a vehicle.

The lights in the room suddenly click on.

PRESTON
Shit. Get up!

A helicopter buzzes suddenly, stabbing light into the room.

She grabs the rifle and they run out the back, just as the door is blown inward and NSD soldiers storm in, shouting.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
Elevator!

They run down the hallway toward the elevator. Mallory slides into the elevator, closely followed by Masterson -

Preston body checks Masterson into the wall. They fall into her, pushing her backwards into the elevator.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
Mal!

The elevator door closes.

The Captain's knee jams Preston to the floor as the he reaches for something.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
Oh Jesus he's gonna stab me! Mal!
Mal, help!

The door closes. The elevator gently descends. She can hear him screaming.

Masterson pants as other agents walk up. He looks down at the body. Wipes his knife.

MASTERSON
(into radio)
Ground unit, look sharp, she's coming down to you.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - NIGHT

She buries her face in her hands, sobbing. The elevator floors ding, one after another.

She recovers. She breaks down the rifle and stores it, ready to carry, in her backpack.

Draws Daniel's pistol, ready to fight to the death.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

The elevator door dings open to a flood of white light. Mallory is ready.

But there are no shouts, no shots. She moves cautiously out.

There are bodies of NSD agents sprawled on the pavement.

The light is coming from a spotlight on NSD vehicle, and masked figures move around on top.

One bends over a body, there's a flash of a knife, and off comes a scalp.

The scalper stands and looks at her.

JOHN
Mallory.

He comes out from behind the light. He motions her over to him, hands bloody.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Let's go.

INT. BUNKER - UTILITY ROOM - DAY

THOCK, THOCK, THOCK - Daniel's tied to a bench, getting worked over by Pepper's fists.

Bowen watches. Pepper takes a break.

DANIEL
Still using the same routine?

BOWEN
Go with what works.

A T-shirt is tugged over Daniel's head.

Pepper funnels water over Daniel's face.

He splutters and chokes until Daniel is nearly drowned.

Pepper looks to Bowen.

PEPPER
Now?

Bowen stares at Daniel. Daniel stops breathing.

Pepper shuts the water off. Flips the bench over.

Daniel lands on his face.

Vomits water.

DANIEL
Thanks.

Pepper flips the bench and punches him again.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
(spits)
C'mon, Commander, you know this isn't gonna work.

Bowen stares at him.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
I know you didn't bring me here to put me in a cage. Why would I talk?

Daniel looks over. Wasik is sitting in a chair, quietly watching him.

WASIK
Because, Mr. Walker, this is not about information. Mr. Bowen.

BOWEN
Sir.

Bowen yanks Daniel to his feet.

INT. BUNKER WAR ROOM - DAY

Federal Officials. Media. The room is filling with a half dozen media correspondents, cameras.

This is going to be broadcast.

WASIK
Alright, let's make this quick. Our transportation has nearly arrived.

The cameras click on. Wasik takes a long slow look at Daniel.

WASIK TAKES RISKS. HE EXPOSED HIMSELF TO DRAW DANIEL OUT.

WASIK (CONT'D)
Mr. Daniel Walker. I thought that we should meet.

DANIEL
How are you?

WASIK
I'm in the peak of health. Thank you.

DANIEL
Why all this?

WASIK
So that the American people know that their justice system works. So after you are given your fair trial, they know the belief system cherished by our forefathers cannot be challenged by dangerous outlaws like you.

DANIEL
Your occupation is failing. The revolution will eat you alive in a month, and you know it, that's why you're bugging out. You chose the wrong territory this time.

Wasik leans in with the softest of smiles.

WASIK
Daniel. I was elected.

WASIK (CONT'D)
Helicopter is on the roof, sir.

The cameras click off. Everyone stands to go.

WASIK (CONT'D)
If you're going to fight for nothing, Mr. Walker, at least choose the winning side.

He stands. Leans to Bowen.

WASIK (CONT'D)
Do it now. I want you to record it.

Bowen says nothing.

WASIK (CONT'D)
Record it for my staff, and it's done. Masterson will settle our account with you. With my commendations of course. Goodbye.

Wasik and his entourage walk away.

Bowen stands still, thinking. Looks at Daniel.

BOWEN
God damn it.

Bowen pushes Daniel to his feet. They walk the other direction, down the hall.

INT. BUNKER HALLWAY - TRACKING SHOT - CONTINUOUS

PEPPER
Where, in the utility room?

BOWEN
Yeah. Did you bring your suppressor?

PEPPER
No.

BOWEN
Fuck.

PEPPER
We could just cut -

He spins and shoves Pepper's chest.

BOWEN
What the *fuck* are you talking about? Go find me a fuckin' pillow, or something.

He pushes open the utility room door and kicks Daniel to his knees, facing away in the corner.

Bowen mutters, putting in earplugs.

He pulls his pistol, checks the chamber. Waits.

Daniel, without the use of his hands, slowly stands up.

BOWEN (CONT'D)
Get down.

Daniel ignores him.

He kicks Daniel back down.

Daniel stands up again.

BOWEN (CONT'D)
Pepper!

Pepper comes in, carrying an ornate, decorated pillow.

Bowen looks at it, shaking his head.

BOWEN (CONT'D)
Fine. Crack the door. Don't close it.

PEPPER
I know.

Bowen holds the pillow out, preparing to shoot through it.

BOWEN
Wait. Camera.

PEPPER
Shit.

He gets his phone out. Begins to record video.

BOWEN
Don't show my face.

PEPPER
Ok.

BOWEN
Set?

The phone beeps.

PEPPER
On you, boss.

Bowen growls and forces Daniel to his knees.

Daniel stands up.

PEPPER (CONT'D)
For Christ's sake, Mike!

A vicious kick to the knee puts Daniel down again. Bowen goes back, points the pistol through the pillow. All set.

BOWEN
Anything to say?

DANIEL
You've already heard all you need to.

Seconds tick by.

Bowen finally holsters his pistol and draws his knife.

Cuts Dan's bonds.

Turns to face Pepper's camera phone.

BOWEN
I am Black Office Commander Mike Bowen. I declare myself and the assets of my organization to the resistance group The Three Percent. In addition to these assets I will contribute physical evidence to independent media of the atrocities ordered by Regional Governor Uriasz Wasik, and release his prisoner Daniel Walker from federal custody to be delivered to a location of his choosing.

PEPPER
(shuts camera off)
Mike, what the fuck?

BOWEN
Pull your piece.

Bowen expertly takes Pepper's gun. Pepper moves to counterattack, but Bowen sticks the gun in his face.

BOWEN (CONT'D)
I can't wait for you to understand. I'll spell it out to you up top, after I've convinced them not to crucify us. Now move - two steps in front, one step to the left.

PEPPER
What about the rest of the team? They're taking the client up top right now.

BOWEN
I'm okay with that.

Bowen gives the gun to Daniel. Followed by Pepper's phone.

BOWEN (CONT'D)
You've really made a mess of my career. Did you really kill bin Laden?

He stares at Daniel. Daniel stares back.

BOWEN (CONT'D)
(pulling his own pistol)
Well that's fine. *I'm* still the motherfucker who caught *you*.

Bowen moves outside, then pushes Pepper out, making him lead.

INT. BUNKER HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They walk down the corridor.

There's the security entourage.

They are going up in the elevator. Daniel has a shot at Wasik.

Bowen stares at him. Shakes his head.

Hand signal: *hold in place*.

INT. BUNKER LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Pepper leans out from cover until he is spotted by a mercenary.

MERCENARY
Hey. Hey!

Pepper dives and crawls to cover. Bowen and Daniel open fire.

Some slimy generals and NSD execs get smoked in the crossfire.

Bowen puts a few mercenaries down, but then Pepper shoots Bowen.

Daniel shoots the last of the mercenaries.

Pepper pulls Wasik from the area toward the area..

Dan checks his ammo - only one bullet left.

PEPPER
Are you hit, sir?

WASIK
No.

PEPPER
(wrist radio)
We're compromised down here, anyone up top?

The elevator dings open. Pepper motions Wasik in.

INT. BUNKER ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Dan runs barefoot, silently, smashes into Pepper.

Pepper pulls out a Karambit knife, makes his stand.

Dan fights Pepper hand to hand.

Pepper gets in a deep slash on his inner arm, but Daniel works through it, and kills him.

Wasik watches. Daniel bleeds from the knife slash.

WASIK
Tick, tock, tick, tock.

Daniel draws the handgun.

WASIK (CONT'D)

Daniel finally lowers the handgun.

He pushes "G" on the elevator panel.

WASIK (CONT'D)
Come on now. What do you think will happen when those doors open?

He slides down the wall, going pale.

He tries to keep pressure on his arm.

DANIEL
I don't know. Just shut up. Don't say anything.

Daniel is still bleeding. Wasik laughs.

Daniel’s life flashes before his eyes.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

_) Light and beautiful - the things Daniel loves.

_) Winona’s special knock

Daniel’s eyes close. Wasik stands, brushing off his suit.

The elevator door opens.

FADE OUT.

TV SCREEN - THE NEWS

A few fast-cut alarmist stories about terrorist attacks throughout downtown St. Paul, before -

Emergency Alert System blips on. A brief tone, before -

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Static interview camera - Daniel is uncomfortable under studio lights. Steve fusses behind the camera.

STEVE
...audio speeds. Alright Dan, positive energy, and remember who this is for.

DANIEL
The people.

STEVE
Right.

DANIEL
Okay.

STEVE
Dan Walker, leader of the Three Percent. You’re a hard man to nail down.

DANIEL
I guess if I weren’t, you wouldn’t have heard of me.

STEVE
Not so close into the mic, Dan.

DANIEL
Oh, sorry.

Interruption - a door opens, spilling light in.

The camera turns. It’s Jae at the door.

JAE
Oh, sorry.

FAT MARK
Hey, you guys hurry that up and come get some barbecue, seriously.

Bobby holds a boom pole, waiting to resume. Mallory and Preston enter frame - they’re in the garage too.

JAE
Don’t take too long, now.

Door closes. Back to the interview.

STEVE
Big celebration. Big accomplishments.

DANIEL
Yeah.

STEVE (O.S.)
Were you scared?

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Daniel tries to hold the gun on Wasik, his vision blurring.

His eyes go up to the ticking floor counter. He doesn’t want to die, but he can’t hold on anymore.

DANIEL
Well, yeah.

Daniel dies.

Wasik sneers, stands, and brushes himself off.

The elevator dings open. Men with guns and flashlights flood in.

Wasik is struck in the stomach and forced to his knees by the soldiers.

The leader, moving on a prosthetic leg, moves to Daniel, takes off his mask - it's EDDIE KNIGHT.

He checks Daniel's brachial pulse with two fingers.

DANIEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
No one wants to give up everything. Most of us just want to live in peace.

EXT. CAPITOL STEPS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Chaos on the Capitol lawn - special forces soldiers run from helicopter ramps, wearing US flag patches.

Wasik is thrown down and held prisoner. Behind them soldiers are laying out the dead on the capitol lawn.

Mallory observes Masterson's corpse with cold eyes. Perfect kill shot.

Eddie lays Daniel's body out on the steps. Squats down next to him.

Checks his vitals.

DANIEL
But freedom is not something you have, it's what you are. And sometimes that's a scary place to be.

EXT. THE CABIN - DUSK

Full US Army funeral honors - Eddie, Stack, and some other III fighters bury Daniel near the cabin.

Jae sits on the ground, bruised and battered. She hangs her head as John performs a Lakota prayer.

EXT. CITY PLAZA - DAY

Fall morning. A lineup of NSD and government officials - Wasik's friends - on stools. Someone reads final recitation.

STEVE (O.S.)
So how does the story end?

Jae and the others watch from a gathered crowd of government elites, embattled militia fighters. The Six talks Charlotte. Steve next to Charlotte and the news people, filming with his own camera.

DANIEL (O.S.)
I don't know if it'll ever really end.

Down the line, the stools are kicked out, finally reaching Wasik. He dangles without changing expression.

DANIEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
There's always some part of us that'll hate the other part.

Jae is the first one in the crowd to leave. Mallory, John, and local militia leaders pick up her tail - back out to their home neighborhoods.

INT. NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Charlotte greets Steve, they're old friends.

She pushes Steve's film into the EAS machine.

DANIEL (O.S.)
But we'll never get better if everybody's afraid of everybody else.

Charlotte activates the system. TVs and smart phones all over the region, receive the signal.

INT. MINNEAPOLIS ARMORY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Daniel's done speaking - he waits nervously. The red REC button blinks.

DANIEL
Did that answer your question?

STEVE (O.S.)
Ugh, I think this light is wreaking havoc on the skin tones, can we do it again?

Daniel laughs. His first in a long time.

FADE TO BLACK.